

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## CONTENTS.

I. HISTORY IN <i>Punch</i> , . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . . . .	323
II. DON ANGELO'S STRAY SHEEP. Part II., . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	334
III. EDMUND BURKE, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	340
IV. THIS MAN'S WIFE. Part X., . . . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , . . . . .	350
V. THE NOVELISTS AND THEIR PATRONS, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . . . .	358
VI. THE BEASTS AND BIRDS OF THE LAW, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	365
VII. THE TEMPLARS. By J. A. Froude. Part II., . . . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , . . . . .	368
VIII. THE SPITES OF RULERS, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	374
IX. IN HELIGOLAND. Part II., . . . . .	<i>All The Year Round</i> , . . . . .	376
X. THE CONTRAST BETWEEN BUDDHIST AND CHRISTIAN TEACHING, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	381
XI. OLD LETTERS, . . . . .	<i>Globe</i> , . . . . .	383

## POETRY.

ONE YEAR, . . . . .	322	NOT GLAD, NOR SAD, . . . . .	322
POT-POURRI, . . . . .	322		

MISCELLANY, . . . . .	384
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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## ONE YEAR.

SOFTLY the lone wind moans the year just dead.

'Tis meet that thou should'st wail, oh, winter wind!

Sure it were but unkind

Did summer's wealth of flow'rets deck the bed  
Whereon she lies, whom I have loved so well,  
I scarce can bear to hear her parting knell.

'Tis well, oh, winter wind, that thou should'st  
moan!

I could not suffer spring's sweet birds to sing  
Nor shall the joy bells ring,

Now she I loved lies there quite dead, alone,  
Gone from me evermore, passed quite away,  
Past the horizon of our mortal day.

Dear, dead, fair year, I will not call thee old;  
I loved thee so. Within thy swift rolled  
space

Life looked me in the face;  
Looked in mine heart, gave me his ring of  
gold,

Then gazed I for the last time in the eyes  
Of my lost youth — there, next thy heart, he  
lies.

So fold him in thy shadowy arms, dead year;  
I felt it sad to know that he was gone,

Forever passed on;

Leaving me weighted with a growing fear  
That I had parted with my young fresh morn,  
Losing it all before I knew him born.

Tears fast must fall, dear year, upon thy brow,  
They are as pearls upon thy placid face!

The coffin-lid is now

Half-closed, but still for just one little space  
I stand beside and gaze. The wind sounds  
wild,

And sobs and wails like to some stricken  
child.

Good-bye, dear year! God keep thee next his  
heart,

And give thee back to me, when death is  
passed,

And I am called at last

From all life's disappointed pain to part.  
I ask no better gift from Heaven's vast store,  
Than all unchanged to hold thee evermore.

All The Year Round.

## POT-POURRI.

THE blue jars in the window,  
The big bowls in the hall,  
Hold that sweet old-time perfume  
That we pot-pourri call.  
We cannot tell who made it,  
Nor where the flowers did grow,  
For those who picked them left us  
Full fifty years ago!

Yet, when at scented evening  
I stand beside the bowl,  
And watch my roses fading  
As night mists upward roll,  
I seem to see their spirits  
Stand silent there below,  
Who made pot-pourri for us  
Full fifty years ago!

I watch them, youth and maidens,  
About the garden glide;  
I see them cull the flowers  
There growing side by side;  
I hear their soft love whispers,  
I almost seem to know  
The faces dead and buried  
Some fifty years ago!

I smile to think how fleeting  
Are all our joys, our pain;  
How swiftly sunshine passes,  
How quickly dries the rain.  
For they, too, loved and suffered,  
And bore their own death-blow,  
Those pretty lads and lasses  
Dead fifty years ago!

Yet their dead roses whisper  
Of sweetness e'en in death:  
This lovely perfumed odor  
Has outlived love's hot breath;  
And sweet can be our evening,  
And, if we wish it so,  
Can last e'en like pot-pourri  
Made fifty years ago!

All The Year Round.

## NOT GLAD, NOR SAD.

YOU sang a little song to-day,  
It was not sad, it was not gay,  
The very theme was nigh out-worn:  
Two lovers met, as lovers may,  
They had not met — since yesterday —  
They must not meet again — till morn!

And did they meet again, my dear? —  
Did morning come and find them here,  
To see each other's eyes again?  
Alas, on *that* you are not clear,  
For hearts will shift as winds will veer,  
And love can veer like any vane!

Ah no, I think some sudden craze,  
Some bitter spite befell their days, —  
What was that plaintive minor for?  
No more together lie their ways,  
Remote, perhaps, the lover strays,  
Perhaps the lady comes no more!

So strange the numbers sob and swell;  
No, there's no guessing what befell;  
It is the sweetest song you sing!  
Not sad, and yet — I cannot tell, —  
Not glad, and yet — 'tis very well —  
Like love, like life, like anything!

Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
HISTORY IN PUNCH.

PART I. FROM 1841 TO 1854.

ON the memorable day in journalism, July 17, 1841, when *Mr. Punch* made his first appearance "in print," he published this announcement: "*Politics. Punch* has no party prejudices; he is Conservative in his opposition to fanaticism and political prophets, but a progressive Whig in his love of small change." And the Democritus of Fleet Street has been true to these principles.

At first, like some other distinguished characters, *Punch* was distinguishable, especially when royalty was concerned, for his decidedly Radical tendencies. Later on, when his continued success had established him as a power in the land — nay, in the world — the prosperous sage signified his appreciation of this vast responsibility by accepting, at the hands of his faithful contributors and from his numerous correspondents, the respectful title of "Mister," while reserving to himself the prerogative of appending to such documents as he should from time to time address *urbi et orbi* the autocratic sign-manual *Punch*.

*Mr. Punch's* volumes serve as an excellent chorus to the political and social history of the last half century. Turning to Volume I., dated 1841, we find ourselves back in the last days of hackney coaches and the infancy of railways. Barely three weeks before *Punch* saw the light, the G.W.R. had opened its line from London to Bristol at a cost of £5,000,000, and among his first articles is one on a journey by "a Birmingham Railway Train," wherein the writer proposes the compressed three-volume novel for railway reading. Here was the germ of the shilling, sixpenny, and even threepenny "readables" of the present day. But suggestions of this kind are constantly appearing in *Mr. Punch's* pages, his half-sportive proposals falling as seed on some congenial soil and fructifying in due course. When the *London Charivari* was published for the first time, London at night was in the hands of the rowdy drunken medical student of the period and his imitators. Young swells, too, thought it the thing to follow in the

footsteps of the Marquis of Waterford's search after door-knockers, which invariably ended in an assault upon the watchmen — there were watchmen still left to cry the time of night — and constables, and an enforced adjournment to the Vine Street Police Station-house. This is all treated in the second number of *Punch*, in a paper illustrated with a travesty of the Achilles statue in Hyde Park, arrayed in a Waterfordian costume, dedicated to that eccentric nobleman. Clubs were comparatively few, and exclusive; but the cigar-divans were numerous and open to all comers. In 1841, the lord mayor's State barge was an institution, so was the old Fleet Prison. The lord mayor of the day (according to *Mr. Punch*) "remembers clearly that yesterday he was called to office." He has "a perfect recollection of the glass coach, and the sheriffs, and the men in armor, and the band playing 'Jim along Josey,' as they passed the Fleet Prison, and the glories of the city barge at Blackfriars Bridge." Where are these glories now? What has become of the State barge? Does it rest in some vault under Fishmongers' Hall? or was it converted into the Maria Wood for pleasure parties? And on consideration, what has become of the Maria Wood herself? Is she still moored to some suburban wharf waiting "for hire"? or has she gone the way of all barges and been broken up? Is she no longer Maria Wood, but firewood? Who can hum "Jim along Josey" now?

The most important event of this year, from a national point of view, was the birth of the Prince of Wales, on Lord Mayor's Day. From the first hour of his life, *Punch* took a godfatherly interest in the heir apparent, and, from that hour to this, has followed every step in his career with the greatest concern. In 1841 the jokes were not so refined as they are nowadays. The forthcoming happy event was foretold by *Punch* in a fashion that in these times would have made the continued appearance of his periodical on the tables of English drawing-rooms a matter of very questionable taste. At the end of October, a writer in *Punch*, who was a better contributor than courtier, ventured

to hope that if the royal parents were blessed with twins, the affair "would not be made a matter of political arrangement." From this the popular sense of the humor of the period may be fairly guessed. And here it may be noted that in the early pages of *Punch* may be found a considerable number of lines that have since done good service in many ways, but especially as samples of modern American humor. Here is one: "A young artist in Picayune takes such perfect likenesses that a lady married the portrait of her lover instead of the original." Here is another: "A man in Kentucky had a horse which was so slow that his hind legs always got first to his journey's end." This kind of joke has a very large family. And at this early date *Mr. Punch* in his exuberance wrote much that he would now hesitate to commit to paper, and for which, if it did appear, he would certainly be taken severely to task by a hundred correspondents, of whom a majority would be of the strait-laced order, and the minority would be largely recruited from North Britain. "Bless you," wrote *Mr. Punch* in his third number, after a few remarks on the story of Uriah the Hittite, "half the proverbs given to Solomon are mine."

When *Mr. Punch* commenced his journalistic career, Miss Adelaide Kemble was singing on the English operatic stage in "Norma," and O'Connell (then lord mayor of Dublin), it was suggested, should be offered an engagement by Mr. F. Yates at the Adelphi. Incidentally it is noticeable that a speech before the curtain was as much expected from the leading actor five-and-forty years ago as it is now from Mr. Irving, or Mr. Toole. The names that crop up in the earliest numbers of *Punch* are Sir Francis Burdett, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Cobden, and Wakley, the last mentioned being the founder of the *Lancet*, and sometime coroner. The Royal Academy of the day is severely criticised, but amongst the artists noticed there is only one whose signature is now remembered, Mulready. The old Chelsea bunhouse existed, and Battersea was "a swamp." Richardson's show was at Bartholomew's in company with Wombwell's Menagerie, and the

town found its night's amusements provided for it, after the theatres were closed, at "Evans's, late Joy's," the Coalhole, Dr. Johnson's Tavern, and the Cider Cellars. "The Judge and Jury," presided over by "Chief Baron Nicholson," was an institution: Deaf Burke was in Windmill Street, and prize-fighting still flourished. A conundrum by Theodore Hook appears in the number published the week after his death, which number, by the way and strange to say, contains no reference to his decease.

In the following year we find many allusions to the attempt on the life of the queen by Bean, which evidently caused great indignation amongst her Majesty's lieges of Fleet Street, who, in spite of their levity, seemed devotedly attached to their sovereign. *Punch* was no respecter of persons, and expressed his great delight when his royal lady was called upon to pay her income tax like any humble individual; but for all that the sage was loyal to the backbone. About this time the Prince of Wales was setting up his nursery establishment, when *Mr. Punch* makes merry over "the master of the (rocking) horse," "the clerk of the peashooter," and other ridiculous and imaginative appointments. A little later we find the sage anxiously inquiring, "Who shall educate H.R.H.?" and generally superintending his future. In this year her Majesty, who until she became a widow was a constant visitor to the theatres, ordered four performances at Covent Garden Theatre, which were consequently given "by command." About this time the agitation against the old-fashioned pew, with its high panelling, padded seats, and concealing curtains, was commenced with *Mr. Punch's* approbation. Another "Church movement," which gained his heartiest sympathy, was the temperance cause, advocated by that young Irish priest, Father Mathew.

Looking through *Mr. Punch's* pages we find a great many French jokes, and the style of some of the artists was decidedly French; there was also a good deal about medical students. No doubt this was owing to the temporary connection with *Punch* of Mr. Albert Smith, who, subse-



quently known as the author of a little book called "The Gent," and still more celebrated as the prince of entertainers, with his show of the Ascent of Mont Blanc at the Egyptian Hall, brought to his literary work rather too strong a flavor of the Quartier Latin.

Before he was a year old *Mr. Punch* had completed a list of butts which for many a year supplied his artists and writers with most serviceable material. Brougham represented the House of Lords, Sibthorpe the Commons, and the late prince consort — usually alluded to as "H.R.H. F.M. Paterfamilias" — the court. Jenkins, of the *Morning Post*, to which subsequently were added Mrs. Gamp of the *Standard*, and Mrs. Harris, of the *Morning Herald* (this was a lucky hit, as practically the latter was a myth, one paper being merely a reprint of the other), represented journalism; Sir Peter Laurie was *Punch's* target as representing the city; between "Poet Bunn," "Young Kean," that is Charles Kean, and *Punch* there was no love lost. Bunn turned round savagely, or rather got a much cleverer man than himself to retaliate for him; but only tardily was something like justice done to Kean's influence on the drama of our time, by *Punch*, who had been one of the first to sound the note of warning about that "stage upholstery" which was the first sign of the growth of realism in dramatic art. Among the painters, *Punch* selected Turner as his artist *pour rire*.

To these persons, who served as favorite butts for *Mr. Punch* in his early days, may be added a number of things and places. The fountains of Trafalgar Square and the Nelson Column often afforded him a plethora of copy. It was a legend that the water supplied to the former came from the baths and washhouses in rear of the National Gallery, and that whenever the "squirts," as they were irreverently called, ceased to play the cause was traceable to a piece of soap in the pipes. The Column, *Mr. Punch* declared, was built from foundation to summit by one man and one boy, who devoted their entire lives to this solitary achievement. The little Kensington Railway (now perhaps the most prosperous line in the

world, as it is rented by the numberless companies that find a junction at the Addison Road) was a constant source of chaff, and was known for years as "*Punch's* railway." It was represented as completely without traffic. The space between the rails was said to be utilized for cabbage beds, and the electric telegraph wires for hanging out newly washed clothes. The cabstand was reported to have consisted of one cab, which disappeared by degrees. Herne Bay and Southend were always good for a paragraph. Later on, the Wellington statue and the equestrian effigy in Leicester Square became equally popular with the sage. In the volume for 1846 there is a cartoon by John Leech representing the queen and Prince Albert speaking about the statue to *Punch*, the "only competent person," and saying, "Well, if you think it ought to come down, it shall." The statue has been removed to Aldershot, and the effigy, after becoming the object of London's scorn and derision, has long ago disappeared. In 1844, the houses at Albert Gate were building, and their then unusual loftiness secured for them the title of the "Height of Absurdity." This of course was before the period of the lofty "flats" which have familiarized us with mansions of a dozen stories high.

In 1844, too, we find from a "lady's diary" the fashions of London at that period; the young lady confesses "that she has kissed Tom Thumb, seen the Ojibbeways, admired the pictures of Mulready, Maclise, and Eastlake, considered the polka perfection;" she adds "that cardinals were popular, tunics a good deal worn, and skirts trimmed with a succession of flounces highly fashionable." She concludes by saying "that she has seen Cerito, heard Grisi and Persiani, thinks Mario a love, Fornasari an idol, and Lablache immense." The polka on its introduction had created a perfect *furor*. It consisted in its infancy of several complicated steps since dropped. In those days men danced, and did not think it beneath their dignity to figure in a *pas seul* in a quadrille; and such splendid opportunities as resulted from these Terpsichorean proclivities, we may be quite

sure were not thrown away upon *Mr. Punch's* ready-witted caricaturists.

Many a public man's career can be traced from month to month in the *London Charivari*, but certainly the two most prominent statesmen in the twenty years of *Mr. Punch's* career ending 1860 were Mr. Disraeli and Lord Palmerston. The first prominent notice of the former appears in Vol. VII., page 269, where a poem (an adaptation of Hood's "Ben") commences, —

Young Ben, he was a nice young man, an  
author by his trade,  
He fell in love with Poly Tics, and soon an  
M.P. made.

He was a Radical one day,  
But met a Tory crew,  
His Poly Tics he cast away,  
And then turned Tory too.

Soon after this he is represented as the "Young England Party," and a little later as a viper gnawing at the old file, Sir Robert Peel. This is a precursor to a cartoon representing the triumph of Free Trade — a harvest home, in which the latter, the Duke of Wellington, and *Mr. Punch* take part. With the death of protection came the railway mania, which served Thackeray for a subject in his "Jeames's Diary." Looking at the river, we find the introduction of "the outrigger," a vessel which Leech represents as highly unpopular with short gentlemen requiring a "boat for an hour." About this time there broke out a wonderful variegated shirt-mania, and *Punch* exhibits some remarkable specimens of loud patterns.

In 1846 the militia was called out, a farce which always afforded *Mr. Punch* considerable amusement. Long before the volunteer movement, the Brook Green Volunteer had been unmercifully chaffed both by pen and pencil. This gallant militiaman was represented as being the sole member of his battalion, and was depicted as undertaking the entire duty of a regiment. Refusing to leave his post when he had the influenza, he mounted guard with his feet in hot water.

Turning from gay to grave, we come upon one of the most forcible pictures ever drawn by Leech, who justly earned the title of "the modern Hogarth." In the "Moral Lesson of the Gallows," he furnishes a sketch of the horrible crowd that was wont to assemble beneath the scaffold before executions were conducted in private. This powerful design is accompanied by an article written in a tone of most earnest expostulation and most

solemn warning. The same artist's sketch of the poor Harlequin, as shown by the last flicker of the dying light of Richardson's show, with the legend, "And melancholy marked him for her own," is another Hogarthian touch. In the frontispiece of the eleventh volume, which was published at Christmas, 1846, the leading men of the period are portrayed. In a march past Field-Marshal *Punch*, mounted on Toby, who was less human than he is nowadays, the Duke of Wellington — preceded by John Bull as drum-major, Lord Brougham in wig and gown (and of course plaid trousers) playing the ophicleide, "Mons." Jullien in vivid white waistcoat playing a flageolet, and Tom Thumb in Napoleon cocked hat and boots, — leads the ministry, carrying the banner of "Peel and no Party," and followed by Lord John Russell, Cobden, and Bright, Louis Philippe, some foreign potentates, and the representatives of the *Irish Nation* deriding O'Connell, who follows with a bag of "rint." Mr. Disraeli, with Lord George Bentinck, bring up the rear under the banner of "Protection," and the *Standard* and the *Herald* march as Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris — two very comical figures. During the latter part of the year the quarrels between the Irish leaders had attracted much attention, and "the great agitator" and his rival, Smith O'Brien, were constantly depicted as opposing one another, at one time as "the Kilkenny Cats," at another as "the Stag at Bay." The propriety of abolishing flogging in the army was seriously canvassed for the first time in the autumn of 1846, when *Mr. Punch* expresses professional opinion on the subject by showing an intoxicated officer asking, "What's to be done with a man who drinks?" There was some talk about constructing an underground railway, when *Mr. Punch*, in a spirit of unconscious prophecy, shows a train steaming through the Thames tunnel. The literary event of the year is chronicled by an imaginary correspondence about the dramatization of "Dombey and Son," which had then only reached its third monthly number. The influence of Dickens upon the "Punch table" (two thirds of the staff were his intimate friends) can be traced in this. Subsequently Charles Dickens entrusted several of his Christmas books for dramatization to Mark Lemon and Gilbert Abbott à Becket in collaboration, to protect them from the mutilating pens of the needy "adaptors." Never long forgetful of his prince, *Mr. Punch* now shows Albert

Edward at the age of five wearing a man-o'-war's costume, and offering a tar a glass of grog in which to "drink mamma's health." This cartoon was so popular that it was reproduced as a statuary group in bronze and plaster. It is strange that mothers did not seize upon the idea at once of introducing sailor dresses for their children. *Mr. Punch* threw out the suggestion forty years ago, and it has taken all that time to become the fashion.

The year 1847 brought with it two calamities for Ireland: the death of O'Connell and the famine. Nothing could be more miserable than the condition of the "distressful country" at this stage of its sorrowful history, with the people dying by thousands of starvation, and the survivors going about in fear of losing their lives at the hands of the agrarian outrage-mongers. A motion for repeal of the Union was negatived in the British Parliament at this important moment by an enormous majority.

Baron Rothschild for the first time was elected to the House of Commons, but was unable to take his seat on account of the oath, which required the swearer to take the "oath of a Christian." Lord John Russell made a powerful speech in favor of his admission, and the House of Commons passed a resolution approving of the abolition of the oath by 253 to 186. This was rendered ineffective for many years to come by the action of the Lords; and now, forty years after, Lord Rothschild sits among the peers.

*Mr. Punch* devoted a considerable amount of his space during the year to remarks on the increase of advertising, the epidemic of influenza, and the inventor of the Albert hat—the prince consort. As usual, the *London Charivari* contained suggestions made in a spirit of light-hearted waggy which were immediately adopted by the advertisers in serious earnest. Thus the use of umbrellas and the fronts of houses for advertising purposes was first proposed by *Mr. Punch*.

In 1847 every one was singing "Lucy Neal" and "Ole Dan Ducker." Ethiopian serenaders were all the rage. We can refer to John Leech for the fashions of this period. The real "swells" wore scarf-pins and cutaway coats, and the "gents" imitated them, affecting also a "Joinville tie," with huge fringed ends. Thackeray was fond of representing these last.

At this time *Punch* made several appeals to the people on behalf of the nuns of Minsk, reported to have been brutally

treated by Russian soldiers, with the cognisance of the Czar Nicholas. He also takes up free education, and shows how the free school empties the county jail. This year there was a high art exhibition in Westminster Hall. *Punch* selects Mr. Dyce's fresco for caricature. The Shakespearean drama has been doing so badly that the sage suggests the production of "Othello" and "Richard III." at Astley's. The circus and the equestrian drama were still flourishing at the last-mentioned house, where Widdicombe, the ever-juvenile, was master of the ring. Vauxhall was open during the summer months, and a certain Joel il Diavolo used to slide down from a high tower to a platform in a shower of fireworks. Adapting this idea, there is a picture in *Punch* suggesting that the universal genius, Lord Brougham, should come out as a rival of Joel il Diavolo. In this year Leech depicted, in a double-page cartoon, *Mr. Punch's* fancy ball. *Mr. Punch*, in periwig and court suit, is leading out the queen as Britannia; Prince Albert, in his own Albert hat, stands in the background, Tom Thumb dances in front, Lord John holds Britannia's shield. Every political celebrity is present. Louis Philippe dances with the British lion. The orchestra is composed of *Mr. Punch's* private band; Tom Taylor plays the piano, Douglas Jerrold beats the drums, Thackeray plays a fife, Gilbert à Beckett is first violin, Horace Mayhew is playing a cornet-à-piston, Percival Leigh is engaged on the violoncello, Leech performs on a flageolet, and Mark Lemon, the first editor, conducts à la Jullien. Not a grey hair, except Thackeray's, among the lot; no moustachios or beards, but a profusion of hair and whisker. It is an interesting picture, for they are all portraits.

The year 1848, destined to be fatal to so many European dynasties, opened with a scare in England about the national defences, caused to a great extent by a letter of the Prince de Joinville, eldest son of Louis Philippe. In hot haste the Duke of Wellington was consulted, and "gave it against" the authorities at the Ordnance Office and Horse Guards. *Mr. Punch*, however, took a confident view of the subject, and derided the idea of a French invasion. This tone was subsequently repeated when the French colonels threatened something of the same sort in the time of Napoleon III., and did England the great service of starting the volunteer movement. *Apropos*, in March of 1847, *Mr. Punch* did actually propose

the formation of a volunteer corps, to be called "Punch's Rifles."

Chartism shows itself prominently in the pages of the *London Charivari* during the year 1848. *Mr. Punch* covered with ridicule the self-appointed leaders of the roughs; but for the principles of the Charter he showed a certain sympathy, arguing that the movement was not altogether unpopular even in the most aristocratic circles. Thus, the working-man tendering the petition to Lord John Russell in one of *Punch's* cartoons, is an intelligent, respectable artisan, and the answer of the minister is not particularly severe. Lord John is represented to be replying in the character of a servant of her Majesty. "My mistress says she hopes you won't call a meeting of her creditors, but if you will leave your bill in the usual way it shall be properly attended to." The allusion to the "meeting of creditors" no doubt had reference to the unsettled state of the Continent and the hot-headed proposal to call for foreign aid. The cartoon was entitled, "Not so very unreasonable!!! Eh?"

During the revolutions in various parts of Europe in 1848, *Mr. Punch's* sympathies were with the oppressed nationalities, although he would not restrain his contempt for the swagger and uncleanness of the typical "Mossoo" (for which Leech was responsible) of the period. About this time the present emperor of Germany is depicted being kicked out of his own country by an enormous booted foot. "Prince Frederick William Louis, prince of Prussia," asks his "dear *Punch*" "to order him a dozen shirts and have a cab for him at the Blackwall Pier, as he should not be a minute delayed at the custom-house, as he had no luggage." The only really popular Continental sovereign in 1848 was Pope Pius IX., who is accepted as the representative *par excellence* of Liberalism beyond the Channel. There is a picture of his Holiness, then pope-king, tranquilly sailing, with "religion" for his flag, while all the other sovereigns of Europe are in their cock-boats tossed about in a sea of Revolution, and one — France — is already swamped. There is a picture of Pius as one of the four kings of Italy recommending "a draught of a Constitution" to the king of Sardinia, the duke of Tuscany and the king of Naples. There is a cartoon of "Roman *Punch*," where Pius, in his triple tiara, as the puppet *Punch* in the show, is dealing a death-blow with a staff, labelled "Rational Liberty," to another puppet, the emperor

of Austria, who is labelled "Despotism." And there is a still earlier one where in an "Hieroglyphic for 1847," the pope is smilingly spitting the double-headed Austrian eagle on the point of a bayonet, the British Lion looking on and laughing to see such fun. *Punch* laughed at the European monarchs in difficulties which they could have averted; but when the reactionary "Mossoos" showed their faces in London, he gave them anything but a cordial welcome. About this time appeared a half-page illustration with the significant legend, "We trust no one would think of such a thing as putting the French agitator into the fountains at Trafalgar Square." In spite of this wish, the picture showed how easily and joyfully the objectionable operation could be effected.

In 1848 Prince Louis Napoleon (subsequently the emperor Napoleon III.) came once more to the front. *Mr. Punch*, who had already formed a very unfavorable opinion of him, hoped that his second descent upon France would be less ridiculous than his first attempt. It is a tradition that when, during the *entente cordiale*, the emperor and empress paid a visit to her Majesty in London, two cartoons were suggested at the *Punch* table to celebrate the event. The first was heroic, representing Britannia welcoming the nephew of the great Napoleon to her shores; the second, a "brushed-up," refugee-looking individual ringing at the front-door bell of Buckingham Palace, with the legend, "Who would have thought it!" The second was selected.

Amongst the butts of the year were Father Thames (whose chronic filthy condition has afforded *Mr. Punch* many a useful big cut when there was a dearth of other subjects), and Southend. The latter, which seemed to share with *Punch's* railway the small "chaff" of the sage, was pithily described in 1848 as "well worth seeing through a microscope." By the way, Lord Beaconsfield, in his recently published letters to his sister, alludes to Southend, which he terms "this much-abused watering-place," in language of great commendation. The little Essex town stood high in his favor on account of the purity of its air.

The "gold-diggings" and the queen's visit to Ireland were the chief topics of interest in 1849, a year remarkable for the reaction following the "railway mania." King Hudson was shown as "off the line."

The Polytechnic in Regent Street, the Diorama, and the Colosseum in Regent's

Park, with immortal Madame Tussaud's, were among the chief amusements at this time. In 1848 the panorama of "London by Night" was removed from the Colosseum. *Punch's* small-beer chronicles record many such startling events. The Paris fashions for 1848 were to be, according to John Leech's cartoon, republican bonnets and caps, the *tricolor* to be much worn, citizens in classic costume with scarves, swords, and muskets, and fasces for umbrellas. The special constables are called out, and John Leech revels in the event. The Irish question, superficially, appears much the same then as now. There is a Coercion Bill; and there is Distressful Ireland, represented by a sad but comely Hibernia; and there is Turbulent Ireland, represented by a low savage type. Thackeray writes "Travels in London," and we gather what were the evening's amusements in 1848. The finish in the Cave of Harmony, the lateness of the hours, the style of comic song then popular, and the absence of the female element from all such entertainments, constitute a marked difference in the nocturnal amusements of '48 and '86. The mention of songs recalls the celebrated Catnach ballads, which were hawked about in long, flimsy strips, "three yards of songs for a 'alfpenny," with some rudely printed illustrations. These are caricatured at this time in *Punch*, in the same page on which he drops a tear over the decadence of pantomime. Pantomime takes a long time a-dying, and though its character has undergone considerable change, and its rough-and-tumble fun has been somewhat lost in the gorgeous splendor of the *mise-en-scène*, yet it has recently exhibited no lack of vitality, and, in spite of the *laudatores temporis acti*, the Drury Lane Christmas annual seems entirely to the taste of the present generation of its youthful patrons.

Turning to the opera in 1848, we have the Jenny Lind fever at its height, and *Mr. Punch* shows the state to which his own noble person was reduced after a crush on a Jenny Lind night. In 1849 Madame Sontag and Signor Lablache are singing at her Majesty's—the rage for Sontag having apparently run the Lind fever pretty close—and we have the whole cast (illustrated by Dicky Doyle) given, which includes the names of Gardoni, Calzolari, Alboni, and Parodi, with Michael Balfe as conductor. These were the palmy days of the Italian opera.

At Lord's we note that most of the professional cricketers wore tall hats during

a match. Crinoline had fairly commenced; gentlemen wore cravats tied in enormous bows instead of scarves and pins, cutaway coats were the fashion. Monster panoramas were brought out in town.

In 1849 the queen visited Ireland, and a special Court of Common Council was held to consider the propriety of purchasing estates in the sister island. "Gog and Magog helping Paddy out of the Mess," is the cartoon at this time, and *Punch* does his best to show his sympathy with the Irish agricultural laborer. It is Sir Patrick Raleigh, a handsome Irish peasant with a merry twinkle in his eye, who is saying to the queen, "May it please your Majesty to tread on the tail of my coat," as he lays it over a puddle. In this year died the queen-dowager. In this year too *Punch* warmly pleaded the cause of Nelson's daughter, and Doyle had a picture severely satirizing a "Scene in Court during an interesting Trial for Murder," when the Old Bailey was crammed with ladies using opera glasses as if they were in a theatre. It was Mrs. Manning and her husband who were in the dock. This very year, 1886, a similar scene in the same place was most unsparingly condemned by the judge who tried the case. In 1849 *Mr. Punch* represents a lady "hearing music by electric telegraph," thus anticipating the invention of the telephone by some thirty years. The repeal of the window-tax is celebrated with a cartoon; and the state of Eaton Square is compared unfavorably with a thick country slush over the horses' fetlock joints. Among the vast amount of small-beer chronicles of this year, *Punch* records M. Soyer's resignation of his place as *chef* of the Reform.

A most remarkable article appeared in *Punch* early in 1850, in which the claims of "Horatia, the daughter of Nelson," were again strongly urged, and "the parson brother of the hero" was roundly abused for allowing Lady Hamilton to die in poverty in a foreign land. The sage of Fleet Street, with a large-hearted philanthropy that certainly would not receive the sanction of Philistinism, called upon the Duke of Wellington and other contemporaries of the dead admiral to join a committee for the protection of Nelson's "living flesh and blood." In 1855, *Mr. Punch* once more returned to the charge, complaining bitterly of the neglect of "Nelson's grandchildren, the family of Horatia," and once more abused Earl Nelson for not assisting them. Ultimately



the "grandchildren" were well taken care of, both the queen and the late prince consort interesting themselves in their behalf.

The publication of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" of Thomas Carlyle about this time provoked the serious remonstrances of *Mr. Punch*, who declared them to be nothing but "barking and froth." It was hinted that Carlyle was suffering from *rabies*, and that until he was in a more healthful frame of mind he should not be allowed the use of paper and goose-quills.

The threatened blockade of the Piræus by the English fleet produced the only unflattering sketch of the British lion that ever appeared in the *London Charivari*. *Mr. Punch* is depicted pulling the noble beast by the ear (who whimpers in consequence of such unexpected treatment), and in the presence of a weeping Greek schoolboy is heard asking the insulting question, "Why he [the British lion] doesn't hit some one of his own size?" This, doubtless, recorded the popular feeling at the time, and that was enough in this instance for *Mr. Punch*. History has since repeated itself, but *Mr. Punch* is not very likely to offer nowadays his remonstrances to the British lion about a matter which has, in 1886, received the sanction of public opinion.

*Mr. Punch* treated Prince Albert's project for the Exhibition of 1851 with good-natured contempt; and as the proposed guarantee fund was not at once forthcoming, immediately published a cartoon of the queen's consort handing round the cap, above the following imitation of street doggerel:—

This empty hat my awkward case bespeaks,  
These blank subscription lists explain my  
tear;

Days follow days, and weeks succeed to weeks,  
But very few contributions appear.

This opposition was continued until Mr. Joseph Paxton was chosen to be the architect, when the sage of Fleet Street, who knew Joseph, and believed in him implicitly, gave the scheme his unqualified support. Until then he appeared to have considered the Exhibition a matter purely personal to Prince Albert, to whom he suggested a plan introducing for a dome the much-chaffed Albert hat as an appropriate design for the building.

The year 1850—during which John Bull had been unconsciously excited about the spread of Puseyism, and *Mr. Punch* had not only recorded the fact but had given his own opinion and advice in

most outspoken terms—ended with the "papal aggression," which sent John Bull right off his head. Then there was a grand flourish in a cartoon where *Punch* represents John Russell as the David going to fight the Goliath of Rome, Dr. Wiseman. We do not remember another instance of a purely Scriptural subject affording material for one of *Mr. Punch's* cartoons. In this picture *Punch* and John Bull were applauding and backing up "Lord Jack," who is represented as a real plucky hero. But what was the result? Why, within eight weeks Dr. Wiseman had fitted on his cardinal's hat, and was in quiet possession, and *Punch* had a cartoon, an immortal cartoon, drawn by John Leech, representing Lord John Russell as the little, sneaking, frightened, mischievous street boy, "who chalked up 'No Popery,' and then ran away!" And when England was calm once more, and men were in their right minds, the sage of Fleet Street looked round and found that he had lost one of his best men, Richard Doyle.

The great Exhibition of 1851 afforded plenty of scope for the "two Johnnies," John Leech and John Tenniel, the latter of whom had now joined the *Punch* staff.

The Bloomer costume craze was another chance this year, and consequently *Punch* has pictures of ladies in *pantallettes*, in knickerbockers and top-boots, wearing hats or bonnets, and carrying short canes, after the manner of "gents" of the period, whose habit it was to suck the ivory handles of their short sticks as a baby might rub its gums with a coral, and sit perfectly contented for hours in the Park. The "masher" of the present time—*en décadence* in 1886—is a more delicately manufactured article.

The advertisement-van nuisance reaches its height, and the American revolver is depicted for the first time in *Mr. Punch's* collection by a draughtsman who tried to imitate the inimitable Doyle and didn't succeed. We need not pause to ask his name.

Smithfield Market is doomed to disappear, and the "Lord Mayorius" is represented by Leech as mourning over its ruins.

The London cabs at this time were the subject of great complaint. "Sir," says a correspondent writing to *Punch*, "the hansoms of the present day are nothing to what they used to be." These were a long way off the "Forders" and other more recent developments of the original hansom.

The queen pays a state visit to the City,



and "Mr. Staples supplied the supper," says an editorial note in explanation of this couplet:—

Therefore I'll sing, free and full, as improvisatore of Naples,  
Something for love of my Queen, and much for regard to my Staples.

Evening dress for men was practically the same as it is now. The ladies' crinolines were gradually growing. The ball-dresses were as low as they are now, showing a lavish display of bust; but then they had something more than a bit of riband an eighth of an inch wide to support them over the shoulders. Most of Leech's young ladies are short and buxom, with fine eyes. In 1851 were most young ladies like this?

The "Mr. Briggs" series provides us with pictures of English sport—fishing, shooting, and hunting—the principal features of which naturally remain unchanged.

The Scottish *fête* in Holland Park was one of the sensations of the season.

There is evidence of the ferment caused by the "No Popery" scare not having yet subsided. It crops up perpetually about this time in the pages of *Mr. Punch*, who seems to be still angry with the pope, Cardinal Wiseman, and Lord John Russell, for having robbed him of Dicky Doyle. The sage was undoubtedly the honest exponent of the popular Protestantism of the hour; but, on the other hand, he is equally on the alert to second Mr. Horsman's bill for inquiry into the revenues of the Establishment's bishops, whom he depicts, in a cartoon by Leech, as running away with all the valuables they can carry in their aprons.

The lord mayor and aldermen visited Paris, and were magnificently entertained by the president; but the aldermen complained that the lord mayor (Sir Richard Musgrave), had kept them in the back-ground. The occasion was a great one for *Mr. Punch*.

There was a circus this year (Francini's) at Drury Lane Theatre, "which place," says *Mr. Punch*, "answers very well for nearly everything but the purpose to which it is conventionally assigned." The "national drama"—whatever that may mean—seems never to have been in a perfectly satisfactory condition. Throughout the "history in *Punch*," it is pretty generally the same story of the success of "adaptation from the French," and the failure of the original English. By the way, Thackeray's hand very rarely

appears after Doyle's withdrawal. We come upon an article of his in the September of 1851.

Bloomerism is still struggling. Protection's ghost has appeared to Dizzy. Barry's "new houses" are mentioned. *Mr. Punch* sees the last night of the Great Exhibition and bids good-bye to all the wonders of the world. Paxton becomes Sir Joseph, puts twenty thousand pounds in his pocket, and the question is, "What shall become of the Palace of Crystal?" The question is being raised once more in 1886, we believe. Kossuth visits London. "It was not," says *Mr. Punch*, "Louis Kossuth whom the thousands gazed upon and cheered; it was Hungary—bound and bleeding, but still hopeful, resolute, defying Hungary." It is as well to remember that after this Kossuth was presented with an address from republicans, revolutionists, and socialists, men, as they said, "not attracted towards you by either the *éclat* of your title or the renown of your name." *Mr. Punch* certainly threw up his cap for "the popular exile," whom America subsequently welcomed with open arms.

St. Albans is disfranchised, and Jacob Bell is immortalized by pencil and pen. He had paid for "election expenses" £2,500.

Mons. Jullien recommences his celebrated concerts for November only; and the cartoon shows John Bull standing on the cliff at Dover united by an electric wire to a French soldier on the opposite side of the Channel.

Lord Palmerston makes his first appearance in *Punch's* cartoons as the "Judicious Bottleholder" in the affair between "Nick the Bear" and "Young Europe." The style of the article, in imitation of the sporting article of that time, proves that prize-fighting had not yet died out, and that the "cribs" (public-houses) kept by the pugilists were still frequented by not a few "Corinthians" and patrons of the noble art.

The year finished with the *coup d'état*, and *Mr. Punch* expresses the popular English opinion at the time, in his cartoon representing the republic bound and helpless, and guarded by a French soldier. The legend is, "France is tranquil." James of the *Morning Post* is represented in a small cut by John Leech, as cleaning the emperor Napoleon's boots. Lord chamberlain Breadalbane interferes with the liberty of pantomime, and is considerably chaffed in consequence. The last cartoon of the year represents Louis

Napoleon recklessly galloping a blind horse towards the edge of a precipice, which a finger-post indicates as the road "to glory." It is by Leech, and is called "A Beggar on Horseback, or the Brummagem Bonaparte out for a Ride."

*Mr. Punch's* collection is invaluable as a history of fashions for both sexes. In 1852 the ladies wore their hair in bands, or in a profusion of curls; large sleeves, plenty of lace, shoes, and very moderate crinolines. The gentlemen went in for big bows to their ties, cutaway coats, and short sticks. This year Dizzy is coming to the front, and for the first six months there are very few political cartoons in which Disraeli does not figure. When it is not Dizzy it is Louis Napoleon. Pam and Lord John Russell are less prominent than heretofore. But Mr. Bright appears in Quaker costume, examining through an eyeglass the new-born baby (New Reform Bill), of which Lord John is the father, and which John Bright pronounces to be "Not quite such a fine child as the last."

Among the novelties in amusements at this time was a marionette theatre of puppets, which was started in the Adelaide Gallery out of the Lowther Arcade. Leech had a funny picture of a short-sighted old beau flirting with one of the puppet ballet-dancers. In foreign affairs there was no friendly feeling on the part of the English people, as represented by *Mr. Punch*, towards the prince president. In domestic politics, the fight is between Protection and Free Trade, and *Mr. Punch* draws attention to the disgraceful state of the debris of the Crystal Palace and of the London statuary. The operas contend for the new prima donna, Mlle. Wagner. Cook asks housemaid if she thinks "weskits is to be worn this season?" which indicates a novelty in ladies' fashions; and on Derby Day Tenniel draws portraits of the proprietors of *Punch*, the editor, and entire staff, including his own likeness, among the figures in the burlesque bas-relief of "the Epsom marbles." After a considerable respite the familiar face of the prince consort once more appears in *Punch's* cartoon, looking out of the window of the House of Lords' Derby drag.

*Mr. Punch* made a raid on the betting-office nuisance, and satirized "the young man who was going to make a fortune by betting," and "the respectable capitalist who will bet a thousand to one against everything." The latter is of the Bill Sikes type.

The political subject is still Protection, until it is buried and the undertakers rejoice. The great Duke of Wellington's portrait appears as the cartoon, and the attitude of the British lion tells us that the hero of Waterloo is at rest forever. The date is "September XIV. MDCCCLII."

The next event that catches the eye is the coronation of the prince president as emperor of the French. *Mr. Punch* draws attention to the insanitary state of London slums—we have been a long time improving them—and utters a warning about cholera. In one of the October numbers of this year there is a lament for the decline of the historic equestrian drama at Astley's (now quite a thing of the past), and an excellent likeness of the celebrated ringmaster, Widdicombe.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's romance, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," provided *Mr. Punch* with a cartoon subject, in which Dizzy appeared as Topsy. Cobden is now brought prominently before the public, and in one of the latest cartoons of the year he is represented as Queen Eleanor offering the Free Trade cup or resignation dagger to Dizzy, who is the Fair Rosamond.

In the picture finishing the volume, *Mr. Punch* complains of that absurd measure, the British pint, "which," he said, "is a bottle that wants looking into." It was looked into accordingly. The imperial pint was one result of the inquiry; though in 1862, ten years after this cartoon, *Mr. Punch* records sadly that "the British pint has not yet attained its proper size."

The camp at Chobham was held in 1853, and *Punch* signalizes it in his preface to the half-yearly volume. Long frock-coats and big coats with enormous sleeves came into fashion this year. We see now the original of the Lord Dunderbary aristocratic swell, with weeping whiskers and military moustache (he is evidently in the army), and, like his prototype, Sir Fwedezwick Blunt in Bulwer's "Money," he refuses to pronounce his r's, and assumes a languid haw-haw manner of speaking. This type culminated in Lord Dunderbary.

"Turkey in Danger," a cartoon representing the Russian bear hugging a turkey in a fez, is the first hint given by *Mr. Punch* of the Eastern difficulty, and later on, in "The Emperor's Cup for 1853," he shows what trouble was brewing for Europe. At this time Albert Smith, whose contributions to the earlier numbers of *Punch* we have already noticed, was now at the height of his success at

the Egyptian Hall, and his St. Bernard mastiff was immortalized by John Leech as the pet of the ladies. "The lucky dog" had a large share in the fame of the Mont Blanc entertainment.

Cantabs are sketched in a series of academical portraits, and university life then was apparently much the same as it is now.

In June the Chobham Camp was actually formed, and in July there are plenty of military subjects for Mr. Leech's pencil, which has just been turned to account in ridiculing the table-turning phenomena. *Mr. Punch* raises his voice against the enclosure of Hampstead Heath, and protests against its "becoming a common for the private and particular grazing of Sir Thomas Wilson," who was trying to get a bill through the House of Lords to enable him to build on it. The sage, by giving a portrait of Charles Kean as Sarcanapalus, "with a winecup of the period," records one of the most carefully got-up and most archæologically correct spectacles that had up to this time ever been seen on the stage.

Fashions for men: the large ties are becoming smaller and the collars are growing larger. In women, the bonnets are being worn farther and farther back off the head, until one of the artists, neither Leech nor Tenniel, shows a gentleman of the period in large collars and small tie, facing a lady with her hair smoothed down in bands and surmounted by a plait, the bonnet being quite off the head. Another young man is wasting away because "*she* is lost to him forever!" "Who?" He answers, "The woman who starched this collar!"

Foreign affairs mainly provided the subjects for the cartoons about this time, but there are two or three attacks on City corporation abuses, and a daring proposal to stow away Gog and Magog in a museum of City antiquities.

Once again after a long interval the prince consort reappears on the scene; and so it is clear that up to this time he has not been doing anything calling for notice. However, in 1854 the year opens with a cartoon in which we see *Mr. Punch* warning Prince Albert, who is skating, off a part of the ice which is marked "Foreign affairs — dangerous." And after this his Royal Highness disappears from the pictures for a few weeks, until he takes it into his head to invent a hat (according to *Mr. Punch* his Royal Highness seems to have had a weakness in this direction) for the British soldier. From *Punch's*

pictures we can measure the unpopularity of Lord Aberdeen. The peace party were not in public favor, and, of course, the czar was the guy of this period. We may note that in stiff collars the young swell then bore a strong resemblance to the modern "masher," and the present evening overcoat belongs to the "poncho" family, which was worn at night in 1854. "Faust and Marguerite" was produced by Charles Kean at the Princess's, and *Mr. Punch* is very severe on it, saying however that "as a piece of show and mechanism (wires unseen) it will draw the eyes of the town, especially the eyes that have least brains behind them." "Everything of life and beauty," writes the critic, "has been extracted, and a *caput mortuum* — that is, Charles Kean's Mephistopheles — remains." *Mr. Punch's* young men are not quite as unpleasantly plain-spoken as this nowadays. Kean's Mephistopheles had not Goethe's tone, but it was a light, Frenchified, sneering, comic devil, and was one of the best things this actor ever played.

*Mr. Punch* loses no opportunity of justly ridiculing the uniform of the British soldier, and contrasting it with the ease and freedom of the sailor's dress. Whether his Royal Highness Prince Albert was also of *Mr. Punch's* opinion is not on record, but at any rate, as already said, the prince consort had another attempt at improving the Guards' headgear. *Mr. Punch* devotes one quarter of a page to showing the "New Albert Bonnet for the Guards," and another to an absurd figure supposed to represent "the British Grenadier as improved by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, decidedly calculated to frighten the Russians." The police are allowed to grow beards, the militia are ordered out, *Mr. Punch* "werry much applauding" their readiness to serve; and in order to hurry the authorities into doing something to ameliorate the sufferings of the private soldier in his absurd uniform, *Mr. Punch* gives a single figure of Tommy Atkins, half choked by his stock and unable to move on account of straps and buckles, dropping his musket because his "head's coming off!"

The bonnets were now worn so much off the head that Leech represents two ladies out walking with a footman behind carrying them. In May this year the Crystal Palace is opened at Sydenham, and *Mr. Punch* indulges in a reverie in the Egyptian Court. A good French dramatic company, with Regnier, perform in London, and are much commended by

*Mr. Punch*, who regrets that he cannot see "our Charles Mathews, our Wigans, our Websters, and our Keeleys, all acting together, instead of being distributed over several theatres. But there were not so many theatres then as there are now, and the number of first-rate actors has not increased proportionately. Thackeray takes up his pen once more and writes some letters "from the seat of war," illustrating them with his own peculiar burlesque vignettes, and signing himself "Our Own Bashi-Bazouk."

*Mr. Punch* records the Cochinchina craze in a very funny picture by Leech showing the great excitement of an entire family on hearing that the Cochinchina had laid an egg; and the volume for the first half of 1854 ends with a cartoon exhibiting the Earl of Aberdeen polishing the czar's boots—a re-adaptation of an idea previously treated—the legend being, "Not a Nice Business." The second half commences in July with a frontispiece representing the *Punch* staff playing. Since they last appeared in a picture a new boy has been added to their number; it is Shirley Brooks. Thackeray is taking an innings at cricket, and the others are playing battledore, leapfrog, and hobbyhorse. This completes, in a somewhat sketchy fashion, the record of the first thirteen years of *Mr. Punch's* existence.

F. C. BURNAND.

ARTHUR A. BECKETT.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
DON ANGELO'S STRAY SHEEP.

As Ricciotto reached a corner, he heard a bell, not a great booming bell of a city church, but the tiny clamor of a treble-voiced bell, beating fast. Probably of some private chapel, or small church, built by the devoted exertion of some solitary priest for an outlying hamlet, just to keep the people in mind of the mystical spiritual presence of the Creator of all the material wonders around them; or else a votive thank-offering—the feeble voice of a human heart, calling the very mountains to bear witness to the gratitude that some great mercy had called forth, and had thus been demonstrated. Ricciotto looked round, and up and down, and still saw nothing, but walking on, found that about a mile of narrow, rough pathway brought him to a point from which he could see that he had been walking by the walls of a great villa—more like a castle

than a villa; and looking into a piazza in a level corner of the mountain-side below, he could see a village, with a small church standing at the end, as if it would beseech that no evil thing might pass that way.

"Everywhere, the world!" thought Ricciotto.

He sat down, not only to rest, but also to think where that mountain path could be which would lead him to the fair place he had imagined, away from scolding voices and hard words, and within reach of the chariots of angels.

While he sat on the broken bit of wall that protected the corner of the rock, looking down, he saw a small procession passing along—four little boys carrying a *bara*, in which he knew a dead child must be, for a priest was leading the way, with another small boy at his side carrying a small cross and lantern. Then he knew why the bell had rung so fast.

Ricciotto felt no regret, no grief, but a very decided repulsion. He got up and turned away.

It was not a village, where men lived and little children died, that he wanted. He wanted some wild place. He must have come the wrong way, for the pathway led down, down, to the plain; and the mountains ranged themselves apart looking over the valley—looking over the whole world, it seemed—here and there holding up a great tree, as a giant might hold up a small child to peep over the heads of the crowd.

Far overhead he could see a speck, near the sun. It was no lark. So far off as that a lark would have been lost. It came lower, and swooped with long, angular curves, ever nearing the mountain, and then rising again. Ricciotto was too much of a village boy to know much about it. He watched it with some curiosity. It was an eagle; but eagles seldom came near the inhabited hills, and he had never noticed one before. It was now attracted by some goats and kids, on the point that towered high, with a divided crag at the top, and a ravine in its side. Years ago this rock had been quarried and deserted, the quality of the stone not compensating for the immense labor of taking it to market.

It looked quite close, but it was not easy to get at, for the mountain paths are difficult to thread—and, in fact, the hills themselves are not easy to count in regular sequence, the plain road often leading to the second before what had seemed the first could be reached. Ricciotto had made this mistake; he had walked many



miles, and arrived at a hill farther from his home than that over which the eagle hovered in search of prey — only he should have approached it by a different road.

Now he must skirt the smaller lower hill, which bore the sentimental name of the Wounded Dove. In truth, it was not unlike a dove with its head thrown back to plume the wing that drooped at its side; and when the sun sank behind it, it stood out like a solemn heavenly grey dove, resting after its flight through the world to find a spot where it might brood in peace, and lament over the sadness that it met on every hand.

It was a good thing for the boy that he had strayed, for he thus came across a fig-tree, and a man in it gathering figs.

"Where do you come from?" said he.

"Across there," said Ricciotto, pointing back, which satisfied the man, though it would have seemed vague to some.

"Who's your father?" said he.

"Have none," said Ricciotto.

"*Dei innocenti*?" said the man.

Ricciotto nodded his head gravely.

"Eh!" said the man, stretching out a lot of figs to him. "Child of the Madonna!" said he, in a whisper to himself. Thus the appearance of that stray waif gave him an opportunity for the exercise of the three great virtues — faith, hope, and charity — and also of sending a prayer to heaven by a little outcast child; and Ricciotto had his courage revived.

It was a great walk on. Of course he had to go down the hill through several *borghetti*, and pass on to the side of the Wounded Dove, and round the base to the long range of mountains that were united till near the top, where they were divided into cones, varying in height and verdure. He felt the freedom to be delightful, and sang a little at times; and being hailed as the Madonna's child was a new earnest of the possibility of his scheme — to live near heaven. As evening drew near, he began to wonder at his position, and feel that he must look out for a place to rest and sleep in. On the bare rock, exposed to wind and dew, it was scarcely prudent or inviting; but higher up he might find a place. The field salad grew in plenty at his feet, there were many birds about, and a stream was running past through some low bushes.

He was sleepy, though he had already had a long sleep in the afternoon; and he determined to lie down in a sort of grotto, less flinty than the surrounding ground. He said his simple prayers, with as much

devotion as a crusading knight might have said his, with sword before him for a cross, — though he had only his shadow for a cross, and that a faint one which his weary eyes and simple heart never troubled to see or find out. Then he lay down and slept.

With the very first glimmer of morn he awoke — very cold and rather stiff, and so tired that he would have been glad of more rest; but this was foreign to his experience or idea of duty. To be awake was to be up and doing; he therefore roused himself, dressed, by putting on his hat, and looked about him. Then he found that he was not alone — a great black raven was perched on a piece of rock, looking at him attentively.

Ricciotto laughed, he was so pleased to see him. The raven came a step or two nearer, and looked up at him. He did not attempt to fly away, but showed himself to be, not only a bird of reflection, but of education, able to discern how very innocent this small child was, how free from unkind purposes.

He moved his head from side to side, and Ricciotto puzzled over him, and at last awoke the sleeping echoes of the mountain by a shrill cry, as he ran forward, holding out his arms to the bird, and saying, —

"Cecco! Cecco! come, come! Are you not Cecco?"

The bird made a strange guttural noise, and fluttered to the ground, walking with short hops till he came near the child. Then, gravely producing small pebbles from his throat, let them drop from his black beak, one after the other, in a run.

Then Ricciotto fairly cried with delight. He had found a friend! Why, Cecco was there! How he came there was, of course, unknown to him, but there he was — one of the most noted characters of St. Antonio, — a bird known to every man, woman, or child in the place — to some by his spite, to others by his amusing qualities, to others by his weird affection.

Ricciotto was a favorite; it was only to great favorites he showed his accomplishments; and this trick with the pebbles was a sign of affection. Possibly the poor fellow was almost as lonely as the wandering child had been, and as glad to meet a friend. He came very near, and cawed gravely.

Ricciotto went down on one knee with outstretched arms; willingly would he have embraced him; but birds do not like being touched, and Cecco did not invite any familiarity of that kind.

He was looking gloriously black, so sleek and well-ordered, not in the least as if the long journey had fatigued him, or disconcerted him. After permitting himself to be admired for a few moments, he opened his wings to assist himself up the rock down which he had come. His left wing had been clipped, so he could not easily fly, and his body was too heavy to enable him to pass up any height without his wings to bear him on.

At no moment had Ricciotto felt himself so lonely as this, when his friend the raven seemed determined to go away and leave him.

"Come, Cecco!" he said winningly, imploringly — pulling a handful of grass to offer him, and feeling in his one pocket, in the forlorn hope that a crumb of bread *might* have been left in it — "come back, Cecco *mio*! — and ——" Poor lad! it was in vain he stopped to find a tempting bribe to offer his friend; but it brought before him as a fact how absolutely friendless he had made himself — how much poorer he was, in truth, than that bird, who, requiring less for its support than a child requires, had that little within its reach, without either toiling or spinning. But Cecco hopped on; and then Ricciotto thought that he, too, would climb the crag, and try to catch him. That would have been a wild feat of courage, for Cecco had a long, sharp beak, and made those remember him who had once roused him into pecking them.

While Ricciotto turned to choose the place from which he should begin to climb, he lost sight of Cecco. He could hear him clucking with glee, but he was no longer to be seen. This roused Ricciotto's curiosity. Cecco often took journeys by himself; but now why had he taken this one? Was he disgusted at the closed shop, and had he come to remonstrate with his master, or was he seeking his master?

Ricciotto climbed well, and had got some thirty feet higher up the divided cone when he found that he had come upon a secret haunt not seen from below — the cone was partly hollow. Cecco had gone down into it, and was gravely watching the slumbers of his playmate and mistress, little Ninetta.

This was such a surprise, that for a few moments it stopped all sensation, and the little lad could only hold on to the edge of the rock, and look at the sleeping child below. But pain soon tells us when our bodies will no longer be neglected, and aching shoulders and arms warned Ric-

ciotto that he must find standing-room somewhere, before he waited to think, or admire, or even rejoice.

With caution he raised himself by his arms, till he could make a step up the dark-blue, weather-beaten crag to a tiny landing, where some sort of stonecrop had made a home for itself. Once there, though there was only room for one small foot, the main difficulty was over. Being a mountain-bred boy, often used to drive goats up the hills, he was accustomed to emergencies, and well understood when to trust himself to drop a few feet, and when to slide, and how to balance himself, and leap. So, though the place would have been impossible to a city lad, or ordinarily clever gymnast, to Ricciotto it presented no unconquerable difficulties, and in a very short time he had followed Cecco, and found himself in Ludovico's den, at the top of the highest peak in all that range of mountains.

"*Madre di Dio!*" said a woman's voice. It was Grazuccia, awaking suddenly, full of fear.

"*Che diavolo!*" said Ludovico, putting his hand instinctively on his revolver — not knowing whether he had been betrayed.

"Oh," said Ricciotto, picking up his hat, which in fact had made more noise in coming down to earth than he himself had, "if I had but known, I would have brought Diana!"

"And why have you come?" said Ludovico; "for certainly you were not invited."

"I did not see you — I only saw Ninetta," said Ricciotto, "and Cecco."

"Ah, that Cecco! I shall kill that bird!" said Ludovico angrily. "Who is with you? and where do you come from? and what made you come?"

"Don't kill Cecco," said Ricciotto. "I'll soon go back again."

"I wonder you did not break your neck, that I do!" said Grazuccia; who now was wide awake, and smoothing her glossy hair beneath a common yellow cotton handkerchief which she had tied over her head, and which made her look smaller and paler and older than she had ever seemed before to the boy. She was a neat little woman of thirty, never very handsome, but remarkably sympathetic in countenance, voice, and manner; a trustworthy friend, good housekeeper, and good nurse.

"Who is he?" said Ludovico. "I know him quite well. I know him, but can give him no name."



"It is the boy who brings in the hay for the mule, from Giuseppe Piattolini," said Grazuccia.

"So it is," said Ludovico, relieved.

Ricciotto looked into his face with wonder, and an involuntary feeling of sadness. It certainly was Don Ludovico, and yet it was not the very same man who, at the top of the serious, earnest business of life, had ever kept a smile playing about his mouth, and light words to suit all passers-by, foaming like the crest of a wave. Now he was languid and fever-stricken; the face, usually so splendidly bronzed by weather and health, was pale and yellow; and his eyes, sunk deep, glared from chalky white surroundings, lacking lustre and intensity, though bright and dry from the fever that scorched within. He was so thin, too, and his active, busy hands hung nervelessly at his side, and he sank back on his pillow as if thankful to rest — too weary to give attention, even to his surprise.

"You find him changed?" said Grazuccia, noticing the boy's face, and silent examination.

"Why is it?" said Ricciotto. "Is it the sun, and the dew, and the wind that has made him ill? Why does he not go home?"

"Why, indeed?" said Grazuccia, too prudent to talk of true reasons to such a child. "But what brought you up here?"

"I don't quite know," said Ricciotto. "I followed the pathway, till I saw Cecco; and then I followed Cecco, and Cecco came here —"

"You had better send that bird down home, when Giorgio goes back," said Ludovico to his wife, "or he will betray us to others. How did the boy come up here, to see him?"

Ricciotto came near Ludovico, who drew a rug closely round his shoulders, and shivered — though there was scarcely a breath of air, and that was not at all cold.

"I came," said Ricciotto, "because I don't want to live any more with men, till I, too, am a man; and I thought that no one lived up here but the goats and kids, and birds, and eagles, — except" — here the boy lowered his voice to a whisper — "the angels of our Blessed Lady."

"*Dio santo!*" said Grazuccia; "don't speak thus. No, no; the angels are not here. No, no — not here at all." The little woman turned quite pale with superstitious fear for her husband, so entirely did she associate angels with dying. Then, being of an active, practical turn of

mind, she fetched her oil lamp, and got out some coffee, to prepare a simple breakfast for Ludovico.

She had arranged the queer home very conveniently, considering all things. A canvas had been spread out, and some matting also, to keep off the sun and night air in some measure; and beneath this rude awning a lot of *spoglie* (or leaves of the Indian corn) had been heaped up to make a bed, some sacking and blankets had been thrown over the leaves, and some pillows, in beautifully white linen cases, were also provided for the sick man and sleeping child — though Grazuccia herself had only slept seated at his side, wrapped in a cloak, her head against the rock, on purpose to keep her so lightly asleep that any movement of his should awaken her.

She was very quiet and quick in her movements; ground her coffee (at which Ludovico groaned with protesting patience, his poor head was so racked with pain). Then she found water, and filled her bright little pot, and put it over the lamp to boil; but — then came a difficulty — cautiously she peeped in, to see if the oil was all right before wasting a match to kindle the flame, and she found that the lamp was nearly empty. Then she turned to her great wicker-cased flask of oil, and saw that it had been overturned, and that the precious oil had slowly trickled over a piece of rock into the grass and sand, away and away; the flask having so fallen that it was actually tipped up, and not a tablespoonful remained, even in the great bulging side.

"*Dio santo!*" said Grazuccia. "*Misericordia!*" — *che disgrazia!* — what a terrible misfortune! Ah, you young dog, that is your doing! What omens of grief, of pain, and trouble have you brought! *Dio mio! Dio mio!* what shall I do? — what shall I do? eh, *Dio! che disgrazia!*"

Ricciotto said not a word — he knew well what the loss this upset of oil was to Grazuccia, and he also knew of the import as an omen — that in all Italy the spilling of oil means misfortune, or sickness, or even death; and so is feared, almost prayed against, as if it were the evil itself, rather than a mere sign or prognostic of harm.

"*Diamine!*" said Ludovico, who was supposed to have some close relation with the power he so frequently invoked, he had so much opposition in his character — scolding often for trifles that others cared nothing for, and laughing at matters

that had caused his wife real distress and anger. "Dost thou grudge thy floor a little polish, and thy flask a moment of repose?" he asked, with as much of a laugh as his wretched body would allow.

"Oh, Ludovico!" said Grazuccia, out of patience, "tell me one thing,—how shall I get thy coffee without heat? and how can thy poor head wait till I get more oil to fill the lamp? If I had only seen it roll over, I could have saved enough; but who could have expected to see that boy here? and how could I think of anything but surprise, when he tumbled over like a *stenterello*, as he was?"

"Let the flask repose in peace," said Ludovico. "I too will try to repose in peace, if you will permit me to do so, and will keep an eye on our unbidden guest. I do not want coffee, my Grazuccia; if it is for me only that you fret, you may well cease to regret."

"But I do not want you to repose in peace as if you were dead,—I want you to have your coffee, and feel really better," said Grazuccia. "If you only would go home, where we can live like Christians, and have proper fires and proper food!"

Ludovico drew his cap lower upon his brow, and shrugged his shoulders beneath his blanket, as he settled himself in patient contempt for these useless lamentations, disdaining a reply.

"Perhaps the *pazzo* has not gone back to town yet," said Grazuccia, a smile breaking over her anxious face. "Look here, you Ricciotto! just get down there through that hole, and down the rough sort of steps, and feel along till you get to the bushes (and mind you don't break them), but get into the open and look about if you see the pazzo."

"Cavaliere Giorgio?" said Ricciotto.

"Yes, yes! quick now, and tell him I want to speak a word with him!"

So Ricciotto, up in this forsaken corner of the world, found himself again at work at his old business of running errands. He did not wait or hesitate, but scrambled through a small opening that had been made in the side of the quarry, and only partly filled in; a few minutes, and he was in the air again, and seemed to be looking over the back of the Wounded Dove on to the dome of the cathedral, only it seemed so small and distant. He was still looking to see where he was, when some one spoke.

"Are you taking the air to get an appetite for breakfast, my fine young man?"

"I was looking for you," said Ricciotto, turning quickly round, and meeting the

sharp eyes of the young man known familiarly as the *pazzo*, or madman.

"And did you expect to see me on a rainbow, or a sunbeam, or hanging in mid-air?"

"No," said Ricciotto; "Grazuccia told me you were close here. But I was looking to see where this place is, and to see the sun, too."

"And now you have seen all, where are you going?"

"I don't know," said Ricciotto.

"You had better come along with me," said the pazzo; and he got up, and put his hand roughly, but not unkindly, on the boy's shoulder.

Ricciotto looked up at him. Though his clothes were much torn, he was a good-looking man, weather-beaten, and burnt deep brown and red; his features were regular, and his throat and chest as brown as his face and hands. He had brilliant eyes, that gave sudden, quick glances, and yet could fix on an object with great force and pertinacity, making those feel uncomfortable who happened to be under his gaze. His hair curled in ringlets over his forehead and round his head; and his beard, which was cleft in two on the chin, had the points emphasized by the addition of the long ends of the moustache, which, turning back so as to show the well-formed mouth and white teeth, fell over in long curves at the ends, such as one sees in old paintings of St. John when he was young.

Ricciotto felt some confidence with him, and told him of the misfortune with the oil, and also how it was that he had upset it.

"*Per Bacco!* but you are an unlucky young rascal!" said the pazzo, at length; then he turned, and with great care pushed aside the scanty bushes that grew near the small passage up which they had to go to reach Grazuccia.

When they got in, they found that Ninetta was awake. Her mother had dressed her, and smoothed her long hair, drawing it tight away from her face, in a long plait behind. Her father lay watching her, with a yearning tenderness in his face that gave more anxiety to those who saw it than any other signs of his illness, evident as they were. Others concerned his body, and were caused by the exposure and deprivation he had endured; but this told of his heart-sickness, and the combined longing for rest and questioning with his soul whether it was quite right to wish to forsake so sweet and helpless a thing, together with the pain that

came upon him at the mere idea of parting from her, the brightest hope of his personal life.

Grazuccia had done wisely in bringing her there, for it was almost the only antidote that remained to quiet his passionate regret. The smarting and aching with which he was forced to acknowledge that the selfishness of ordinary men made the sacrifices of patriots of no avail,—the disappointment in finding that, for his own part, his courageous adherence to ideas for the elevation of the masses, for the protection of the timid, and the attainment of mental and moral liberty, were lost to those who ought to have benefited by them, and he himself a fugitive to avoid being a prisoner in defence of his unselfish aspirations.

"Let it be!" said Grazuccia, not understanding any of the questions that fired him, but feeling keenly the discomforts his restless plans and secret meetings caused in the home.

"Let it be!" he answered ironically to her. "Yes; let the spark be that is setting your roof on fire. Lie still—till, waking, you find yourself face to face with heaven!"

Now that he was ill she spared him these remonstrances; only in her prayers reminding the good Father of all that she *had* remonstrated, and it was no fault of hers that her husband belonged to the New Italy party, and so offended his fellow-countrymen.

Grazuccia looked round as the pazzo and Ricciotto came near, and then she rushed at once into the account of the spilling of the oil.

"It must have been the very devil himself that was in that bird, and sent *him*" (pointing to Ricciotto), said Grazuccia; and as she generally was a pious soul, and careful with her words, it proved to both the pazzo and Ludovico how much she had been disturbed.

"Nay," said Ludovico, with an effort at the lightness of his old healthy self. "It was La Ninetta's good angel, who took the moment when she was sleeping to fetch her a playfellow!"

"A fine playfellow indeed!" said Grazuccia, who had her pride, and was careful with whom her dainty little maiden spoke or played. "I wish he could go back where he came from, if he could only forget that he has been here!"

"Ah me! ah me!" groaned Ludovico, with the weary fretfulness of exhaustion.

This roused Giorgio, the pazzo, who came near him, and fanned him with his

hat. "He wants his coffee," he whispered low to Grazuccia.

"And he can't have it," groaned the poor little woman, her affectionate anxiety turning her into a sort of wild cat. "I could *kill* that boy," she said fiercely, under her breath.

"I'll get you some hot water," said the pazzo, with sudden determination. "There, give me the coffee pot. I and the youngster will manage it somehow. Poor little chap! Come on, *diavoletto* with the cherubic countenance!"

Ludovico was really too ill to bear the worry of any talking or altercation; and, with closed eyes, permitted Grazuccia to fan him, bathe his forehead with vinegar, and whisper prayers for him, not giving a sign whether he heard or felt, except by the miserable self-abandoned groans. Ninetta, meanwhile, watched her mother and father, and was thankful to Cecco for his amiable attentions in hopping about her, and inviting her to be amused, and occupy herself with him.

"It is a risk," said the pazzo when he and Ricciotto again got clear of the den, and were out on the mountain-side.

"All these weeks no one has seen a thing or guessed where my castle is to be found; and to light a fire is to attract notice. Never mind, never mind! What does it matter? Who cares?"

"Who is to see?" asked Ricciotto.

"Whoever is not wanted to," said the pazzo.

"Who will that be?" asked Ricciotto.

"Those we do not wish to find us," said the pazzo.

"Celestina could not see from her home," said Ricciotto. "Do you think she could?"

"I don't know where she lives. There, there—that is enough for the present. No one in the city could see the flame from here—a spark like this, too!" There were not many pieces of dry stick to be found about, so the pazzo had to cut a few branches, which, being green, were difficult to kindle. It was a work of time to get up a fire; but they did it at last, and a long streak of smoke, black as ink, rose from behind an angle of the rock, straight up to the sky.

"There!" said the pazzo, as the water boiled, and he poured it into the coffee-beggin triumphantly. "Unless it's the day for a fatigue march, I doubt if any one will be the wiser;" but as soon as he had placed his little coffee-pot in safety, he pulled the fire to pieces (astonishing the beetles and lizards, which were already

peeping out to see the sunrise), by throwing hot glowing branches and twigs out upon the rocks, to die out in sparks, or smoulder away, sending their faint odor up to the clouds, which seemed lingering to receive it, just over their heads.

Ludovico was thankful, and revived a little when he had drunk his coffee, and seen Grazuccia and the little Ninetta at their simple breakfast by his side.

They offered some coffee, little as there was, to the pazzo, but he refused steadfastly. Then Grazuccia gave him the key of her house, and many directions as to what he was to bring. "And how I shall do till night, without oil to light the lamp and warm his broth, I don't know," she said at last. "Come as soon as you can, but run no risk for him."

"Well understood," said the pazzo.

Then he started, and found Ricciotto waiting a few yards down, not quite knowing what to do, and also feeling hungry. The young man looked into a long old basket, which he carried on his back when he went down into the town, and finding a piece of coarse bread, cut it in two and gave half to Ricciotto.

"If you see Diana," said Ricciotto, "mind you give her some water!" and then he told the pazzo all that had happened, and how Diana could not be persuaded to leave the house.

"*Per Bacco!*" said the pazzo, and he laughed and rubbed his hands, and, for the first time, chuckled so fiercely that Ricciotto was afraid of him.

"And where are you starting for, eh?" he said at last, having settled some question in his own mind to his satisfaction. "I don't quite want to say good-bye," he added, looking down at the little lad.

"That's very good of you," said Ricciotto; "but I came up here to be away from men, till I, too, am grown up. I saw some goats and kids on a hill over there yesterday, and I thought I would try to find them, if they belong to nobody."

"No; I don't suppose they belong to any one. That's all right," he said, and he nodded his head and slung his basket over his shoulder, and took up a great stick, and was just going off, when the child stopped him again.

"I say," said Ricciotto, timidity giving him a slight hesitation, "people *do* sometimes live without houses or — or — bread, don't they?"

"Why, yes," said the pazzo; "if they don't want what they can't get. I myself have lived without home, money, or

friends; and you see, here I am, what there is of me! a bit ragged, that's all."

"That is well," said Ricciotto thoughtfully; and he stood quite still, watching the young man down two angles of the mountain path, and wondering at him.

"I wonder why he said he has no friends, when he does so much for Grazuccia? Perhaps she pays him, though. I wonder whether paying a person keeps him from being a friend?" thought Ricciotto. "I wish he would come back again!"

Then, remembering that Grazuccia had been angry with him, he started for the next ridge of hills, wishing to get away before she remembered him, and also hoping there to make friends of some wild goats.

Poor little lad!

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From The Contemporary Review.  
EDMUND BURKE.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, who amongst other things has written two admirable books about Edmund Burke, is to be found in the preface to the second of them apologizing for having introduced into the body of the work extracts from his former volume — conduct which he seeks to justify by quoting from the Greek (always a desirable thing to do when in a difficulty), to prove that though you may say what you have to say well once, you cannot so say it twice.

A difficulty somewhat of the same kind cannot fail to be felt by every one who takes upon himself to write on Burke; for however innocent a man's own past life may be of any public references to the subject, the very many good things other men have said about it must seriously interfere with true liberty of treatment.

Hardly any man, and certainly no politician, has been so bepraised as Burke, whose very name, suggesting, as it does, splendor of diction, has tempted those who would praise him to do so in a highly decorated style, and it would have been easy work to have brought together a sufficient number of animated passages from the works of well known writers all dedicated to the greater glory of Edmund Burke, and then to have tagged on half-a-dozen specimens of his own resplendent rhetoric, and so to have come to an apparently natural and long-desired conclusion without exciting any more than usual grumble.

This course, however, not recommending itself, some other method had to be discovered. Happily, it is out of the question within present limits to give any proper summary of Burke's public life. This great man was not, like some modern politicians, a specialist, confining his activities within the prospectus of an association; nor was he, like some others, a thing of shreds and patches, busily employed to-day picking up the facts with which he will overwhelm his opponents on the morrow; but was one ever ready to engage with all comers on all subjects from out the stores of his accumulated knowledge. Even were we to confine ourselves to those questions only which engaged Burke's most powerful attention, enlisted his most active sympathy, elicited his most bewitching rhetoric, we should still find ourselves called upon to grapple with problems as vast and varied as economic reform, the status of our colonies, our budding empire in India, our relations with Ireland both in respect to her trade and her prevalent religion; and then, blurring the picture, as some may think — certainly rendering it Titanesque and gloomy — we have the spectacle of Burke in his old age, like another Laocoön, writhing and wrestling with the French Revolution; and it may serve to give us some dim notion of how great a man Burke was, of how affluent a mind, of how potent an imagination, of how resistless an energy, that even when his sole unassisted name is pitted against the outcome of centuries, and we say Burke and the French Revolution, we are not overwhelmed by any sense of obvious absurdity or incongruity.

What I propose to do is merely to consider a little Burke's life prior to his obtaining a seat in Parliament, and then to refer to any circumstances which may help us to account for the fact, that this truly extraordinary man, whose intellectual resources beggar the imagination, and who devoted himself to politics with all the forces of his nature, never so much as attained to a seat in the Cabinet — a feat one has known to be accomplished by persons of no proved intellectual agility. Having done this, I shall then, bearing in mind the aphorism of Lord Beaconsfield, that it is always better to be imprudent than servile, essay an analysis of the essential elements of Burke's character.

The first great fact to remember is, that the Edmund Burke we are all agreed in regarding as one of the proudest memories of the House of Commons, was an

Irishman. When we are in our next fit of political depression about that island, and are about piously to wish, as the poet Spenser tells us men were wishing even in his time, that it were not adjacent, let us do a little national stock-taking, and calculate profits as well as losses. Burke was not only an Irishman, but a typical one — of the very kind many Englishmen, and even possibly some Scotchmen, make a point of disliking. I do not say he was an aboriginal Irishman, but his ancestors are said to have settled in the county of Galway, under Strongbow, in King Henry the Second's time, when Ireland was first conquered and our troubles began. This, at all events, is a better Irish pedigree than Mr. Parnell's.

Skipping six centuries, we find Burke's father an attorney in Dublin — which somehow sounds a very Irish thing to be — who in 1725 married a Miss Nagle, and had fifteen children. The marriage of Burke's parents was of the kind called mixed — a term which doubtless admits of wide application, but when employed technically, signifies that the religious faith of the spouses was different; one, the father, being a Protestant, and the lady, an adherent to what used to be called pleasantly the "old religion." The severer spirit now dominating Catholic councils has condemned these marriages, on the score of their bad theology and their lax morality; but the practical politician, who is not usually much of a theologian — though Lord Melbourne and Mr. Gladstone are distinguished exceptions — and whose moral conscience is apt to be robust (and here I believe there are no exceptions), cannot but regret that so good an opportunity of lubricating religious differences with the sweet oil of the domestic affections should be lost to us in these days of bitterness and dissension. Burke was brought up in the Protestant faith of his father, and was never in any real danger of deviating from it; but I cannot doubt that his regard for his Catholic fellow-subjects, his fierce repudiation of the infamies of the Penal Code — whose horrors he did something to mitigate — his respect for antiquity, and his historic sense, were all quickened by the fact that a tenderly loved and loving mother belonged through life and in death to an ancient and outraged faith.

The great majority of Burke's brothers and sisters, like those of Laurence Sterne, were "not made to live," and out of the fifteen, but three, besides himself, attained maturity. These were his eldest brother,



Garrett, on whose death Edmund succeeded to the patrimonial Irish estate, which he promptly sold; his younger brother, Richard, a highly speculative gentleman, who always lost; and his sister, Juliana, who married a Mr. French, and was, as became her mother's daughter, a rigid Roman Catholic — who, so we read, was accustomed every Christmas day to invite to the hall the maimed, the aged, and distressed of her vicinity, to a plentiful repast, during which she waited upon them as a servant. A sister like this never did any man any serious harm.

Edmund Burke was born in 1729, in Dublin, and was taught his rudiments in the country — first, by a Mr. O'Halloran, and afterwards by a Mr. FitzGerald, village pedagogues both, who at all events succeeded in giving their charge a brogue which death alone could silence. Burke passed from their hands to an academy at Ballitore, kept by a Quaker, from whence he proceeded to Trinity College, Dublin. He was thus not only Irish born, but Irish bred. His intellectual habit of mind exhibited itself early. He belonged to the happy family of omnivorous readers, and in the language of his latest schoolmaster he went to college with a larger miscellaneous stock of reading than was usual with one of his years; which, being interpreted out of pedagogic into plain English, means that "our good Edmund" was an enormous devourer of poetry and novels, and so he remained to the end of his days. That he always preferred Fielding to Richardson is satisfactory, since it pairs him off nicely with Dr. Johnson, whose preference was the other way, and so helps to keep an interesting question wide open. His passion for the poetry of Virgil is significant. His early devotion to Edward Young, the grandiose author of the "Night Thoughts," is not to be wondered at, though the inspiration of the youthful Burke, either as poet or critic, may be questioned, when we find him rapturously scribbling in the margin of his copy: —

Jove claimed the verse old Homer sung,  
But God himself inspired Dr. Young.

But a boy's enthusiasm for a favorite poet is a thing to rejoice over. The years that bring the philosophic mind will not bring — they must find — enthusiasm.

In 1750, Burke (being then twenty-one) came for the first time to London, to do what so many of his lively young countrymen are still doing — though they are beginning to make a grievance even of that

— eat his dinners at the Middle Temple, and so qualify himself for the bar. Certainly that student was in luck who found himself in the same mess with Burke; and yet so stupid are men — so prone to rest with their full weight on the immaterial and slide over the essential — that had that good fortune been ours we should probably have been more taken up with Burke's brogue than with his brains. Burke came to London with a cultivated curiosity, and in no spirit of desperate determination to make his fortune. That the study of the law interested him cannot be doubted, for everything interested him, particularly the stage. Like the sensible Irishman he was, he lost his heart to Peg Woffington on the first opportunity. He was fond of roaming about the country during, it is to be hoped, vacation time only, and is to be found writing the most cheerful letters to his friends in Ireland, all of whom are persuaded that he is going some day to be somebody, though sorely puzzled to surmise what thing or when, so pleasantly does he take life, from all sorts of out-of-the-way country places, where he lodges with quaint old landladies who wonder maternally why he never gets drunk, and generally mistake him for an author until he pays his bill. When in town he frequented debating societies in Fleet Street and Covent Garden, and made his first speeches; for which purpose he would, unlike some debaters, devote studious hours to getting up the subjects to be discussed. There is good reason to believe that it was in this manner his attention was first directed to India. He was at all times a great talker, and, Dr. Johnson's dictum notwithstanding, a good listener. He was endlessly interested in everything — in the state of the crops, in the last play, in the details of all trades, the rhythm of all poems, the plots of all novels, and indeed in the course of every manufacture. And so for six years he went up and down, to and fro, gathering information, imparting knowledge, and preparing himself, though he knew not for what.

The attorney in Dublin grew anxious, and searched for precedents of a son behaving like his, and rising to eminence. Had his son got the legal mind? — which, according to a keen observer, chiefly displays itself by illustrating the obvious, explaining the evident, and expatiating on the commonplace. Edmund's powers of illustration, explanation, and expatiation could not indeed be questioned; but then the subjects selected for the exhibition of



those powers were very far indeed from being obvious, evident, or commonplace; and the attorney's heart grew heavy within him. The paternal displeasure was signified in the usual manner — the supplies were cut off. Edmund Burke, however, was no ordinary prodigal, and his reply to his father's expostulations took the unexpected and unprecedented shape of a copy of a second and enlarged edition of his treatise "On the Sublime and Beautiful," which he had published in 1756 at the price of three shillings. Burke's father promptly sent the author a bank-bill for £100; conduct on his part which, considering he had sent his son to London and maintained him there for six years to study law, was in my judgment both sublime and beautiful. In the same year Burke published another pamphlet — a one-and-sixpenny affair — written, ironically, in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, and called "A Vindication of Natural Society; or, a View of the Miseries and Evils arising to Mankind from every species of Civil Society." Irony is a dangerous weapon for a public man to have ever employed, and in after life Burke had frequently to explain that he was not serious. On these two pamphlets' airy pinions Burke floated into the harbor of literary fame. No less a man than the great David Hume referred to him, in a letter to the hardly less great Adam Smith, as an Irish gentleman who had written a "very pretty treatise on the sublime." After these efforts, Burke, as became an established wit, went to Bath to recruit, and there, fitly enough, fell in love. The lady was Miss Jane Mary Nugent, the daughter of a celebrated Bath physician; and it is pleasant to be able to say of the marriage that was shortly solemnized between the young couple, that it was a happy one, and then to go on our way, leaving them — where man and wife ought to be left — alone. Oddly enough, Burke's wife was also the offspring of a "mixed marriage" — only, in her case it was the father who was the Catholic; consequently both Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Burke were of the same way of thinking, but each had a parent of the other way. Although getting married is no part of the curriculum of a law student, Burke's father seems to have come to the conclusion, that after all it was a greater distinction for an attorney in Dublin to have a son living amongst the wits in London, and discoursing familiarly on the sublime and beautiful, than prosecuting some poor countryman, with a brogue as rich as his

own, for stealing a pair of breeches; for we find him generously allowing the young couple £200 a year, which no doubt went some way towards maintaining them. Burke, who was now in his twenty-eighth year, seems to have given up all notion of the law. In 1758 he wrote for Dodsley the first volume of the "Annual Register," a melancholy series which continues to this day. For doing this he got £100. Burke was by this time a well-known figure in London literary society, and was busy making for himself a huge private reputation. The Christmas day of 1758 witnessed a singular scene at the dinner table of David Garrick. Dr. Johnson, then in the full vigor of his mind, and with the all-dreaded weapons of his dialectics, kept burnished by daily use, was flatly contradicted by a fellow-guest some twenty years his junior, and, what is more, submitted to it without a murmur. One of the diners, Arthur Murphy, was so struck by this occurrence, unique in his long experience of the doctor, that on returning home he recorded the fact in his journal, but ventured no explanation of it. It can only be accounted for — so at least I venture to think — by the combined effect of four wholly independent circumstances: *First*, the day was Christmas day, a day of peace and goodwill, and our beloved doctor was amongst the sincerest, though most argumentative, of Christians, and a great observer of days. *Second*, the house was David Garrick's, and consequently we may be certain that the dinner had been a superlatively good one; and has not Boswell placed on record Johnson's opinion of the man who professed to be indifferent about his dinner? *Third*, the subject under discussion was India, about which Johnson knew he knew next to nothing. And *fourth*, the offender was Edmund Burke, whom Johnson loved from the first day he set eyes upon him to their last sad parting by the waters of death.

In 1761 that shrewd old gossip, Horace Walpole, met Burke for the first time at dinner, and remarks of him in a letter to George Montague: —

I dined at Hamilton's yesterday; there were Garrick, and young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book, in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days.

But great as were Burke's literary powers, and passionate as was his fondness for letters and for literary society, he

never seems to have felt that the main burden of his life lay in that direction. He looked to the public service, and this though he always believed that the pen of a great writer was a more powerful and glorious weapon than any to be found in the armory of politics. This faith of his comes out sometimes queerly enough. For example, when Dr. Robertson in 1777 sent Burke his cheerful "History of America" in quarto volumes, Burke in the most perfect good faith closes a long letter of thanks thus : —

You will smile when I send you a trifling temporary production made for the occasion of the day, and to perish with it, in return for your immortal work.

I have no desire to say anything disrespectful of Principal Robertson ; but still when we remember that the temporary production he got in exchange for his "History of America" was Burke's immortal letter to the sheriffs of Bristol on the American War, we must, I think, be forced to admit that, as so often happens when a Scotchman and an Irishman do business together, the former got the better of the bargain.

Burke's first public employment was of a humble character, and might well have been passed over in a sentence, had it not terminated in a most delightful quarrel, in which Burke conducted himself like an Irishman of genius. Some time in 1759 he became acquainted with William Gerard Hamilton, commonly called "Single-speech Hamilton," on account of the celebrity he gained from his first speech in Parliament, and the steady way in which his oratorical reputation went on waning ever after. In 1761 this gentleman went over to Ireland as chief secretary, and Burke accompanied him as the secretary's secretary, or, in the unlicensed speech of Dublin, as Hamilton's jackal. This arrangement was eminently satisfactory to Hamilton, who found, as generations of men have found after him, Burke's brains very useful, and he determined to borrow them for the period of their joint lives. Animated by this desire, in itself praiseworthy, he busied himself in procuring for Burke a pension of £300 a year on the Irish establishment, and then the simple Single-speech thought the transaction closed. He had bought his poor man of genius, and paid for him on the nail with other people's money. Nothing remained but for Burke to draw his pension and devote the rest of his life to maintaining Hamilton's reputation. There is nothing

at all unusual in this, and I have no doubt Burke would have stuck to his bargain, had not Hamilton conceived the fatal idea that Burke's brains were *exclusively* his (Hamilton's). Then the situation became one of risk and apparent danger.

Burke's imagination began playing round the subject ; he saw himself a slave, blotted out of existence — mere fuel for Hamilton's flame. In a week he was in a towering passion. Few men can afford to be angry. It is a run upon their intellectual resources they cannot meet. But Burke's treasury could well afford the luxury ; and his letters to Hamilton make delightful reading to those who, like myself, dearly love a dispute when conducted according to the rules of the game by men of great intellectual wealth. Hamilton demolished and reduced to a stony silence, Burke sat down again and wrote long letters to all his friends, telling them the whole story, from beginning to end. I must be allowed a quotation from one of these letters, for this really is not so frivolous a matter as I am afraid I have made it appear — a quotation of which this much may be said, that nothing more delightfully Burkean is to be found anywhere : —

MY DEAR MASON, —

I am hardly able to tell you how much satisfaction I had in your letter. Your approbation of my conduct makes me believe much the better of both you and myself ; and I assure you that that approbation came to me very seasonably. Such proofs of a warm, sincere, and disinterested friendship were not wholly unnecessary to my support at a time when I experienced such bitter effects of the perfidy and ingratitude of much longer and much closer connections. The way in which you take up my affairs binds me to you in a manner I cannot express ; for to tell you the truth, I never can (knowing as I do the principles upon which I always endeavor to act) submit to any sort of compromise of my character ; and I shall never therefore look upon those who, after hearing the whole story, do not think me *perfectly* in the right, and do not consider Hamilton an infamous scoundrel, to be in the smallest degree my friends, or even to be persons for whom I am bound to have the slightest esteem, as fair and just estimators of the characters and conduct of men. Situated as I am, and feeling as I do, I should be just as well pleased that they totally condemned me, as that they should say there were faults on both sides, or that it was a disputable case, as I hear is (I cannot forbear saying) the affected language of some persons. . . . You cannot avoid remarking, my dear Mason, and I hope not without some indignation, the unparalleled singularity of my situation. Was ever a man before me expected to enter into formal, direct, and undisguised slavery ? Did

ever man before him confess an attempt to decoy a man into such an alleged contract, not to say anything of the impudence of regularly pleading it? If such an attempt be wicked and unlawful (and I am sure no one ever doubted it), I have only to confess his charge, and to admit myself his dupe, to make him pass, on his own showing, for the most consummate villain that ever lived. The only difference between us is, not whether he is not a rogue—for he not only admits but pleads the facts that demonstrate him to be so; but only whether I was such a fool as to sell myself absolutely for a consideration which, so far from being adequate, if any such could be adequate, is not even so much as certain. Not to value myself as a gentleman, a free man, a man of education, and one pretending to literature; is there any situation in life so low, or even so criminal, that can subject a man to the possibility of such an engagement? Would you dare attempt to bind your footman to such terms? Will the law suffer a felon sent to the plantations to bind himself for his life, and to renounce all possibility either of elevation or quiet? And am I to defend myself for not doing what no man is suffered to do, and what it would be criminal in any man to submit to? You will excuse me for this heat.

I not only excuse Burke for his heat, but love him for letting me warm my hands at it after a lapse of one hundred and twenty years.

Burke was more fortunate in his second master, for in 1765, being then thirty-six years of age, he became private secretary to the new prime minister, the Marquis of Rockingham; and by the interest of Lord Verney was returned to Parliament for Wendover, in Bucks; and on January 27, 1766, his voice was first heard in the House of Commons.

The Rockingham ministry deserves well of the historian, and on the whole has received its deserts. Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, Lord John Cavendish, Mr. Dowdeswell, and the rest of them, were good men and true, judged by any ordinary standard; and when contrasted with most of their political competitors, they almost approach the ranks of saints and angels. However, after a year and twenty days, his Majesty King George the Third managed to get rid of them, and to keep them at bay for fifteen years. But their first term of office, though short, lasted long enough to establish a friendship of no ordinary powers of endurance between the chief members of the party and the prime minister's private secretary, who was at first, so ran the report, supposed to be a wild Irishman, whose real name was O'Burke, and whose brogue seemed to require the allegation that its

owner was a Popish emissary. It is satisfactory to notice how from the very first Burke's intellectual pre-eminence, character, and aims were clearly admitted and most cheerfully recognized by his political and social superiors; and in the long correspondence in which he engaged with most of them, there is not a trace to be found, on one side or the other, of anything approaching to either patronage or servility. Burke advises them, exhorts them, expostulates with them, condemns their aristocratic languor, fans their feeble flames, drafts their motions, dictates their protests, visits their houses, and generally supplies them with facts, figures, poetry, and romance. To all this they submit with much humility. The Duke of Richmond once indeed ventured to hint to Burke with exceeding delicacy, that he (the duke) had a small private estate to attend to as well as public affairs, but the validity of the excuse was not admitted. The part Burke played for the next fifteen years with relation to the Rockingham party reminds me of the functions I have observed performed in lazy families by a soberly clad and eminently respectable person who pays them domiciliary visits, and, having admission everywhere, goes about mysteriously from room to room, winding up all the clocks. This is what Burke did for the Rockingham party—he kept it going.

But fortunately for us, Burke was not content with private adjuration, or even public speech. His literary instincts, his dominating desire to persuade everybody that he, Edmund Burke, was absolutely in the right, and every one of his opponents hopelessly wrong, made him turn to the pamphlet as a propaganda, and in his hands

The little thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains.

So accustomed are we to regard Burke's pamphlets as specimens of our noblest literature, and to see them printed in comfortable volumes, that we are apt to forget that in their origin they were but the children of the pavement, the publications of the hour. If, however, you ever visit any old public library, and grope about long enough, you are likely enough to find a shelf holding some twenty-five or thirty musty, ugly little books, usually lettered "Burke," and on opening any of them you will come across one of Burke's pamphlets as originally issued, bound up with the replies and counter-pamphlets it

occasioned. I have frequently tried, but always in vain, to read these replies, which are pretentious enough — usually the works of deans, members of Parliament, and other dignitaries of the class Carlyle used compendiously to describe as “shovel-hatted” — and each of whom was as much entitled to publish pamphlets as Burke himself. There are some things it is very easy to do, and to write a pamphlet is one of them; but to write such a pamphlet as future generations will read with delight, is perhaps the most difficult feat in literature. Milton, Swift, Burke, and Sydney Smith are, I think, our only great pamphleteers.

I have now rather more than kept my word so far as Burke's pre-Parliamentary life is concerned, and will proceed to mention some of the circumstances that may serve to account for the fact, that when the Rockingham party came into power for the second time, in 1782, Burke, who was their life and soul, was only rewarded with a minor office. First, then, it must be recorded sorrowfully of Burke that he was always desperately in debt, and in this country no politician under the rank of a baronet can ever safely be in debt. Burke's finances are, and always have been, marvels and mysteries; but one thing must be said of them — that the malignity of his enemies, both Tory enemies and Radical enemies, have never succeeded in formulating any charge of dishonesty against him that has not been at once completely pulverized, and shown on the facts to be impossible. Burke's purchase of the estate at Beaconsfield in 1768, only two years after he entered Parliament, consisting as it did of a good house and one thousand six hundred acres of land, has puzzled a great many good men — much more than it ever did Edmund Burke. But how did he get the money? After an Irish fashion — by not getting it at all. Two-thirds of the purchase money remained outstanding on mortgage, and the balance he borrowed; or, as he puts it, “With all I could collect of my own, and by the aid of my friends, I have established a root in the country.” That is how Burke bought Beaconsfield, where he lived till his end came; whither he always hastened when his sensitive mind was tortured by the thought of how badly men governed the world; where he entertained all sorts and conditions of men — Quakers, Brahmins (for whose ancient rites he provided suitable accommodation in a greenhouse), nobles and abbés flying from revolutionary France, poets, painters,

and peers; no one of whom ever long remained a stranger to his charm. Burke flung himself into farming with all the enthusiasm of his nature. His letters to Arthur Young on the subject of carrots still tremble with emotion. You all know Burke's “Thoughts on the Present Discontents.” You remember — it is hard to forget — his speech on conciliation with America, particularly the magnificent passage beginning, “Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together.” You have echoed back the words in which, in his letter to the sheriffs of Bristol on the hateful American War, he protests that it was not instantly he could be brought to rejoice when he heard of the slaughter and captivity of long lists of those whose names had been familiar in his ears from his infancy, and you would all join with me in subscribing to a fund which should have for its object the printing and hanging up over every editor's desk in town and country a subsequent passage from the same letter: —

A conscientious man would be cautious how he dealt in blood. He would feel some apprehension at being called to a tremendous account for engaging in so deep a play without any knowledge of the game. It is no excuse for presumptuous ignorance that it is directed by insolent passion. The poorest being that crawls on earth, contending to save itself from injustice and oppression, is an object respectable in the eyes of God and man. But I cannot conceive any existence under heaven (which in the depths of its wisdom tolerates all sorts of things) that is more truly odious and disgusting than an impotent, helpless creature, without civil wisdom or military skill, bloated with pride and arrogance, calling for battles which he is not to fight, and contending for a violent dominion which he can never exercise. . . .

If you and I find our talents not of the great and ruling kind, our conduct at least is conformable to our faculties. No man's life pays the forfeit of our rashness. No desolate widow weeps tears of blood over our ignorance. Scrupulous and sober in a well-grounded distrust of ourselves, we would keep in the port of peace and security; and perhaps in recommending to others something of the same diffidence, we should show ourselves more charitable to their welfare than injurious to their abilities.

You have laughed over Burke's account of how all Lord Talbot's schemes for the reform of the king's household were dashed to pieces because the turnspit of the king's kitchen was a member of Parliament. You have often pondered over that miraculous passage in his speech on

the Nabob of Arcot's debts describing the devastation of the Carnatic by Hyder Ali—a passage which Mr. John Morley says fills the young orator with the same emotions of enthusiasm, emulation, and despair that (according to the same authority) invariably torment the artist who first gazes on the Madonna at Dresden, or the figures of "Night" and "Dawn" at Florence. All these things you know, else you are mighty self-denying of your pleasures. But it is just possible you may have forgotten the following extract from one of Burke's farming letters to Arthur Young:—

One of the grand points in controversy (a controversy indeed chiefly carried on between practice and speculation) is that of *deep ploughing*. In your last volume you seem on the whole rather against that practice, and have given several reasons for your judgment which deserve to be very well considered. In order to know how we ought to plough, we ought to know what end it is we propose to ourselves in that operation. The first and instrumental end is to divide the soil; the last and ultimate end, so far as regards the plants, is to facilitate the pushing of the blade upwards, and the shooting of the roots in all the inferior directions. There is further proposed a more ready admission of external influences—the rain, the sun, the air, charged with all those heterogeneous contents, some, possibly all, of which are necessary for the nourishment of the plants. By ploughing deep you answer these ends in a greater mass of the soil. This would seem in favor of deep ploughing as nothing else than accomplishing, in a more perfect manner, those very ends for which you are induced to plough at all. But doubts here arise, only to be solved by experiment. First, is it quite certain that it is good for the ear and grain of farinaceous plants that their roots should spread and descend into the ground to the greatest possible distances and depths? Is there not some limit in this? We know that in timber, what makes one part flourish does not equally conduce to the benefit of all; and that which may be beneficial to the wood, does not equally contribute to the quantity and goodness of the fruit, and, *vice versa*, that what increases the fruit largely is often far from serviceable to the tree. Secondly, is that looseness to great depths, supposing it useful to one of the species of plants, equally useful to all? Thirdly, though the external influences—the rain, the sun, the air—act undoubtedly a part, and a large part, in vegetation, does it follow that they are equally salutary in all quantities, at any depths? Or that, though it may be useful to diffuse one of these agents as extensively as may be in the earth, that therefore it will be equally useful to render the earth in the same degree pervious to all? It is a dangerous way of reasoning in physics, as well as morals, to conclude,

because a given proportion of anything is advantageous, that the double will be quite as good, or that it will be good at all. Neither in the one nor the other is it always true that two and two make four.

This is magnificent, but it is not farming, and you will easily believe that Burke's attempts to till the soil were more costly than productive. Farming, if it is to pay, is a pursuit of small economies, and Burke was far too Asiatic, tropical, and splendid to have anything to do with small economies. His expenditure, like his rhetoric, was in the "grand style." He belongs to Charles Lamb's great race, "the men who borrow." But indeed it wasn't so much that Burke borrowed as that men lent. Right-feeling men did not wait to be asked. Dr. Brocklesby, that good physician, whose name breathes like a benediction through the pages of the biographies of the best men of his time, who soothed Dr. Johnson's last melancholy hours, and for whose supposed heterodoxy the dying man displayed so tender a solicitude, wrote to Burke, in the strain of a timid suitor proposing for the hand of a proud heiress, to know whether Burke would be so good as to accept £1,000 at once, instead of waiting for the writer's death. Burke felt no hesitation in obliging so old a friend. Garrick, who, though fond of money, was as generous-hearted a fellow as ever brought down a house, lent Burke £1,000. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who has been reckoned stingy, by his will left Burke £2,000, and forgave him another £2,000 which he had lent him. The Marquis of Rockingham by his will directed all Burke's bonds held by him to be cancelled. They amounted to £30,000. Burke's patrimonial estate was sold by him for £4,000; and I have seen it stated that he had received altogether from family sources as much as £20,000. And yet he was always poor, and was glad at the last to accept pensions from the crown in order that he might not leave his wife a beggar. This good lady survived her illustrious husband twelve years, and seemed then for the first time to have some success in paying his bills, for at her death all remaining demands were found to be discharged. For receiving this pension Burke was assailed by the Duke of Bedford, a most pleasing act of ducal fatuity, since it enabled the pensioner, not bankrupt of his wit, to write a pamphlet, now of course a cherished classic, and introduce into it a few paragraphs about the house of Russell and the cognate subject of grants from the



crown. But enough of Burke's debts and difficulties, which I only mention because all through his life they were cast up against him. Had Burke been a moralist of the calibre of Charles James Fox, he might have amassed a fortune large enough to keep up half-a-dozen Beaconsfields by simply doing what all his predecessors in the office he held, including Fox's own father, the truly infamous first Lord Holland, had done — namely, by retaining for his own use the interest on all balances of the public money from time to time in his hands as paymaster of the forces. But Burke carried his passion for good government into actual practice, and cutting down the emoluments of his office to a salary (a high one, no doubt), effected a saving to the country of some £25,000 a year, every farthing of which might have gone without remark into his own pocket.

Burke had no vices, save of style and temper; nor was any of his expenditure a profligate squandering of money. It all went in giving employment or disseminating kindness. He sent the painter Barry to study art in Italy. He saved the poet Crabbe from starvation and despair, and thus secured to the country one who owns the unrivalled distinction of having been the favorite poet of the three greatest intellectual factors of the age (scientific men excepted), Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and Cardinal Newman. Yet so distorted are men's views that the odious and anti-social excesses of Fox at the gambling-table are visited with a blame usually wreathed in smiles, whilst the financial irregularities of a noble and pure-minded man are thought fit matter for the fiercest censure or the most lordly contempt.

Next to Burke's debts, some of his companions and intimates did him harm and injured his consequence. His brother Richard, whose brogue we are given to understand was simply appalling, was a good-for-nothing, with a dilapidated reputation. Then there was another Mr. Burke, who was no relation, but none the less was always about, and to whom it was not safe to lend money. Burke's son, too, whose death he mourned so pathetically, seems to have been a failure, and is described by a candid friend as a nauseating person. To have a decent following is important in politics.

A third reason must be given; Burke's judgment of men and things was often both wrong and violent. The story of Powell and Bembridge, two knaves in

Burke's own office, whose cause he espoused, and whom he insisted on reinstating in the public service after they had been dismissed, and maintaining them there, in spite of all protests, till the one had the grace to cut his throat and the other was sentenced by the Queen's Bench to a term of imprisonment and a heavy fine, is too long to be told, though it makes interesting reading in the twenty-second volume of Howell's *State Trials*, where at the end of the report is to be found the following note: —

The proceedings against Messrs. Powell and Bembridge occasioned much animated discussion in the House of Commons, in which Mr. Burke warmly supported the accused. The compassion which on these and all other occasions was manifested by Mr. Burke for the sufferings of those public delinquents, the zeal with which he advocated their cause, and the eagerness with which he endeavored to extenuate their criminality, have received severe reprehension, and in particular when contrasted with his subsequent conduct in the prosecution of Mr. Hastings.

The real reason for Burke's belief in Bembridge is, I think, to be found in the evidence Burke gave on his behalf at the trial before Lord Mansfield. Bembridge had rendered Burke invaluable assistance in carrying out his reforms at the paymaster's office, and Burke was constitutionally unable to believe that a rogue could be on his side; but indeed Burke was too apt to defend bad causes with a scream of passion, and a politician who screams is never likely to occupy a commanding place in the House of Commons. A last reason for Burke's exclusion from high office is to be found in his aversion to any measure of Parliamentary Reform. An ardent reformer like the Duke of Richmond — the then Duke of Richmond — who was in favor of annual Parliaments, universal suffrage, and payment of members, was not likely to wish to associate himself too closely with a politician who wept with emotion at the bare thought of depriving Old Sarum of Parliamentary representation.

These reasons account for Burke's exclusion, and jealous as we naturally and properly are of genius being snubbed by mediocrity, my reading at all events does not justify me in blaming any one but the Fates for the circumstance that Burke was never a secretary of state. And after all, does it matter much what he was? Burke no doubt occasionally felt his exclusion a little hard; but he is the victor who remains in possession of the field;



and Burke is now, for us and for all coming after us, in such possession.

It now only remains for me, drawing upon my stock of assurance, to essay the analysis of the essential elements of Burke's mental character, and I therefore at once proceed to say that it was Burke's peculiarity and his glory to apply the imagination of a poet of the first order to the facts and the business of life. Arnold says of Sophocles, —

He saw life steadily, and saw it whole.

Substitute for the word "life" the words "organized society," and you get a peep into Burke's mind. There was a catholicity about his gaze. He knew how the whole world lived. Everything contributed to this; his vast desultory reading; his education, neither wholly academical nor entirely professional; his long years of apprenticeship in the service of knowledge; his wanderings up and down the country; his vast conversational powers; his enormous correspondence with all sorts of people; his unflinching interest in all pursuits, trades, manufactures; all helped to keep before him, like motes dancing in a sunbeam, the huge organism of modern society, which requires for its existence and for its development the maintenance of credit and of order. Burke's imagination led him to look out over the whole land; the legislator devising new laws, the judge expounding and enforcing old ones, the merchant despatching his goods and extending his credit, the banker advancing the money of his customers upon the credit of the merchant, the frugal man slowly accumulating the store which is to support him in old age, the ancient institutions of Church and University with their seemly provisions for sound learning and true religion, the parson in his pulpit, the poet pondering his rhymes, the farmer eyeing his crops, the painter covering his canvases, the player educating the feelings. Burke saw all this with the fancy of a poet, and dwelt on it with the eye of a lover. But love is the parent of fear, and none knew better than Burke how thin is the lava layer between the costly fabric of society and the volcanic heats and destroying flames of anarchy. He trembled for the fair frame of all established things, and to his horror saw men, instead of covering the thin surface with the concrete, digging in it for abstractions, and asking fundamental questions about the origin of society, and why one man should be born rich and another poor. Burke was no

prating optimist; it was his very knowledge how much could be said against society that quickened his fears for it. There is no shallower criticism than that which accuses Burke in his later years of apostasy from so-called Liberal opinions. Burke was all his life through a passionate maintainer of the established order of things, and a ferocious hater of abstractions and metaphysical politics. The same ideas that exploded like bombs through his diatribes against the French Revolution, are to be found shining with a mild effulgence in the comparative calm of his earlier writings. I have often been struck with a resemblance, which I hope is not wholly fanciful, between the attitude of Burke's mind towards government and that of Cardinal Newman's towards religion. Both these great men belong, by virtue of their imaginations, to the poetic order, and they both are to be found dwelling with amazing eloquence, detail, and wealth of illustration on the varied elements of society. Both seem as they write to have one hand on the pulse of the world, and to be forever alive to the throb of its action; and Burke, as he regarded humanity swarming like bees out and in of their hives of industry, is ever asking himself, How are these men to be saved from anarchy? whilst Newman puts to himself the question, How are these men to be saved from atheism? Both saw the perils of free inquiry divorced from practical affairs.

Civil freedom [says Burke] is not, as many have endeavored to persuade you, a thing that lies hid in the depth of abstruse science. It is a blessing and a benefit, not an abstract speculation; and all the just reasoning that can be upon it is of so coarse a texture as perfectly to suit the ordinary capacities of those who are to enjoy and of those who are to defend it.

Tell men [says Cardinal Newman] to gain notions of a Creator from His works, and if they were to set about it (which nobody does), they would be jaded and wearied by the labyrinth they were tracing; their minds would be gorged and surfeited by the logical operation. To most men argument makes the point in hand only more doubtful and considerably less impressive. After all, man is not a reasoning animal; he is a seeing, feeling, contemplating, acting animal.

Burke is fond of telling us that he is no lawyer, no antiquarian, but a plain, practical man; and the cardinal, in like manner, is ever insisting that he is no theologian — he leaves everything of that sort to the schools, whatever they may be, and

simply deals with religion on its practical side as a benefit to mankind.

If either of these great men have been guilty of intellectual excesses, those of Burke may be attributed to his dread of anarchy, those of Newman to his dread of atheism. Neither of them was prepared to rest content with a scientific frontier, an imaginary line. So much did they dread their enemy, so alive were they to the terrible strength of some of his positions, that they could not agree to dispense with the protection afforded by the huge mountains of prejudice and the ancient rivers of custom. The sincerity of either man can only be doubted by the bigot and the fool.

But Burke, apart from his fears, had a constitutional love for old things, simply because they were old. Anything mankind had ever worshipped, or venerated, or obeyed, was dear to him. I have already referred to his providing his Brahmins with a greenhouse for the purpose of their rites, which he watched from outside with great interest. One cannot fancy Cardinal Newman peeping through a window to see men worshipping false though ancient gods. Warren Hastings's high-handed dealings with the temples and time-honored if scandalous customs of the Hindoos filled Burke with horror. So, too, he respected Quakers, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and all those whom he called Constitutional Dissenters. He has a fine passage somewhere about rust, for with all his passion for good government he dearly loved a little rust. In this phase of character he reminds one not a little of another great writer — whose death literature has still reason to deplore — George Eliot; who, in her love for old hedgerows and crumbling, moss-grown walls, was a writer after Burke's own heart, whose novels he would have sat up all night to devour; for did he not deny with warmth Gibbon's statement that he had read all five volumes of "Evelina" in a day? "The thing is impossible," cried Burke; "they took me three days doing nothing else." Now, "Evelina" is a good novel, but "The Mill on the Floss" is a better.

Wordsworth has been called the high priest of nature. Burke may be called the high priest of order — a lover of settled ways, of justice, peace, and security. His writings are a storehouse of wisdom, not the cheap shrewdness of the mere man of the world, but the noble, animating wisdom of one who has the poet's heart as well as the statesman's brain.

Nobody is fit to govern this country who has not drunk deep at the springs of Burke. "Have you read your Burke?" is at least as sensible a question to put to a Parliamentary candidate, as to ask him whether he is a total abstainer or a desperate drunkard. Something there may be about Burke to regret, and more to dispute; but that he loved justice and hated iniquity is certain, as also it is that for the most part he dwelt in the paths of purity, humanity, and good sense. May we be found adhering to them!

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

From Good Words.

#### THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK III. — AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE DREADED MESSAGE.

THERE was quite a change in the little house in the Clerkenwell Square. Life had been very calm and peaceful there for Julia, though she made no friends. Any advances made by neighbors were gravely and coldly repelled by Mrs. Hallam.

Once, when she had felt injured by her mother's refusal of an invitation for her to some young people's party, and had raised her eyes reproachfully to her face, Mrs. Hallam had taken her in her arms, kissing her tenderly.

"Not yet, my child; not yet," she whispered. "We must wait."

Julia colored, and then turned pale, for she understood her mother's meaning. They stood aloof from ordinary society, and they possessed a secret.

But now, since Sir Gordon had been brought to the house by Christie Bayle, their life appeared to Julia to be changed. Her mother seemed less oppressed and sad during the evenings when Sir Gordon came, as he did now frequently. There was so much to listen to in the animated discussions between the banker and the clergyman; and as they discussed some political question with great animation, Julia leaned forward smiling and slightly flushed as Bayle, with all the force of a powerful orator, delivered his opinions, that were, as a rule, more sentimental than sound, more full of heart than logic.

He would always end with a fine peroration, from the force of habit; and Julia

would clap her hands while Mrs. Hallam smiled.

"Wait a bit, my dear," Sir Gordon would say, nodding his head, "one story is good till the other is told."

Then, in the coolest and most matter-of-fact way, he would proceed to demolish Bayle's arguments one by one, battering them down till the structure crumbled into nothingness.

All this, too, was without effort. He simply drew logical conclusions, pointed out errors, showed what would be the consequences of following the clergyman's line of argument, and ended by giving Julia a little nod.

At the beginning the latter would feel annoyed, for her sympathies had all been with Bayle's plans; then some clever point would take her attention; her young reason would yield to the ingenuity of the highly cultivated old man's attack; and finally she would mentally range herself upon his side, and reward him with plaudits from her white little hands, darting a triumphant look now at Bayle, as if saying, "There, we have won!"

Highly good-tempered were all these encounters; and they were always followed by another harmony, that of music, Bayle playing, as of old, to Millicent's accompaniment; more often to that of her child.

It was a calm and peaceful little English home, that every day grew more attractive to the old club-lounger and lover of the sea.

He colored slightly the first time Bayle came and found him there. The next time he nodded, as much as to say, "I thought I would run up." The next it seemed a matter of course that an easy-chair should be ready for him in one corner, where he took his place after pressing Mrs. Hallam's hand warmly, and drawing Julia to him to kiss her as if she were his child.

There was a delicacy, a display of tender reverence, that disarmed all suspicion of there being an undercurrent at work. "He is one of my oldest friends," Mrs. Hallam had said to herself; "he feels sympathy for me in my trouble, and he seems to love Julie with a father's love. Why should I estrange him? Why keep Julie from his society?"

It never entered into her mind that by the sentence of the law she was a divorced woman, free to marry again; a woman in the position of a widow, for her husband was socially dead. The seed of such an idea would have fallen upon utterly barren

ground, and never have put forth germinating shoots.

No; there was the one thought ever present in her heart, that sooner or later her husband's innocence would be proclaimed, and then this terrible present would glide away, to be forgotten in the happiness to come.

Sir Gordon, with all his frank openness of manner, saw everything. The slightest word was weighed; each action was watched; and when he returned to his chambers in St. James's—a tiny suite of very close and dark rooms, which Tom Porter treated as if they were the cabins of a yacht—he would cast up the observations he had made.

"Bayle means the widow," he said to himself, as he sat alone; "yes, he means the widow. She is a widow. Well, he is a young man, and I am—well, an old fool."

Another night he was off upon the other tack.

"It's an insult to her," he said indignantly. "Bless her grand, true, sweet, innocent heart! she never thinks of him but as the good friend he is. She will never think of any one but that rascal. Good heavens! what a fate for her! What a woman to have won!"

The thought so moved him that he paced his little bedroom for some time uneasily.

"As for that fellow Bayle," he cried, "I see through him. He means to marry my sweet little flower Julie. Hah!"

He sat down smiling, as if there was a pleasant fragrance in the very thought of the fair young girl that refreshed him, and sent him into a dreamy state full of visions of youth and innocence.

"I don't blame him," he said, after a pause. "I should do the same if I were his age. Yes," he said firmly, as if to crush down some offered opposition, "even if she be a convict's daughter. It is not her fault. We do not mark out our own paths."

Again, another night, and Sir Gordon arrested himself several times over in the act of spoiling his carefully trimmed nails by nibbling them—a somewhat painful operation—with his false teeth.

"It's time I died; I honestly believe it's time I died," he said testily. "When a man has grown to an age in which he spends his days suspecting the motives of his fellow-creatures—ah! of his best friends—it's time he died, for every year he lives makes him worse—gives him more to answer for."

"Poor Bayle!" he continued, shaking hands with himself, "he looks upon each of those two women as something holy."

"No," he mused, "that does not express it; there's something too fatherly, too brotherly. No, that's not it. Too friendly; I suppose that's it; but friendship seems such a weak, pitiful word to express his feelings towards them."

"Christie Bayle, my dear friend," he said aloud, as he rose and gazed straight before him, "I ask your pardon; and—Heaven helping me—I'll never suspect you again."

Sir Gordon seemed to feel better after this; and throwing himself into an easy-chair, he smiled and looked wrinkled—as he had a way of looking in his dressing-room—and happy.

At first Sir Gordon had gone to the little house at Clerkenwell feeling out of his element, and with an uncomfortable sensation upon him that the neighbors—poor souls who were too much occupied with the solution of the problem of how to get a sufficiency of bread and meat to preserve life—were watching him.

After a second and third visit, this uneasiness wore off, and he found himself walking proudly up to the house, smiling at Thisbe, who only gave him a hard look in return, consequent upon his remark concerning Tom Porter.

Sometimes Christie Bayle would be there; as often not. But the chair was always ready for him, and Julia took his hat and stick.

It was generally after his dinner at the club that he found his way up there; and on these occasions Thisbe asked no questions. The moment she had closed the door and shown the visitor into the little parlor she went down-stairs and put on the kettle.

As a rule, precisely at nine, Thisbe took up the supper-tray with its simple contents; but on these evenings the supper-tray gave place to the tea-tray, and Sir Gordon sat for quite an hour sipping his tea and talking, Julia crossing now and then to fetch his cup.

One pleasant evening, when the chill of winter had passed away, and the few ragged trees in the square garden, washed less sooty than usual by the cold rains, were asserting that there was truth in the genial, soft breaths of air that came floating from the west and that it really was spring, Mrs. Hallam, Julia, and Sir Gordon were seated at tea in the little parlor with the window open, and the sound of the footsteps without coming in regular

beats. From time to time Julia walked to the window to look out, turning her head aside to lay her cheek against the pane and gaze as far up the side of the square as she could, giving Sir Gordon a picture to watch, of which he seemed never to tire, as he sat with half-closed eyes. Then the girl returned to seat herself at the piano and softly play a few notes.

"That must be he," she said suddenly, and Sir Gordon's face twitched.

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Hallam quietly; "that is not his step."

Sir Gordon's hair seemed to move suddenly down towards his eyebrows, and his lips tightened, so did his eyelids, as he gave a sharp glance at mother and daughter. Then his conscience gave him a twinge, and he made a brave effort to master his unpleasant thoughts.

"Bayle is uncommonly late to-night, is he not?" he said.

"He is late like this sometimes," said Mrs. Hallam. "He works very hard amongst the people, and attends parish meetings, where there may be long discussions."

"Humph, yes, so I suppose. I hope he does some good."

"Some good?" cried Julia excitedly. "Oh, you don't know how much!"

"And you do, I suppose," said Sir Gordon, in rather a constrained tone of voice.

"Oh, not a hundredth part," cried Julia naïvely. "Oh, Sir Gordon, I wish you were half so good a man!"

"Julia!" exclaimed Mrs. Hallam.

"Upon my word, young—bless my soul! I!—tut, tut!—hush! hush! Mrs. Hallam."

Sir Gordon began angrily, but his testiness was of a few moments' duration, and he laughed at first in a forced, half-irritable manner, then more heartily, and ended by becoming quite overcome with mirth, and wiping the tears from his eyes while mother and daughter exchanged glances.

"And here have I been deferential, and treating you, Miss Julie, like a grown-up young lady, while all the time you are only one of those innocent little maidens who say unpleasant truths before elderly people."

"Oh, Sir Gordon," cried Julia, coloring deeply, "I am so sorry!"

"Oh, sorrow is no good after such a charge as that!" said Sir Gordon with mock severity. "So you and your mamma have determined that I am a very wicked old man, eh?"

"Sir Gordon!" cried Julia, taking his hand. "Indeed, indeed, I only meant that Mr. Bayle was the best and kindest of friends."

"While I was the most testy, exacting, and ——"

"Indeed, no," cried Julia with spirit; "and I will not have you condemn yourself. Next to Mr. Bayle, mamma and I like you better than any one we know."

"Ah! well, here is Bayle," said Sir Gordon, as a knock was heard; and the curate appeared next minute in the doorway.

The lamp had been lit, and his face looked so serious and pale that Sir Gordon noticed the fact on the instant.

"Why, Bayle," he cried warmly, "how bad you look! Not ill?"

"Ill? No; oh, no!" he said quietly. "I have been detained by business."

Mrs. Hallam looked at him anxiously, for beneath the calm there was ever a strange state of excitement waiting to break forth. For years she had been living in the expectation that the next day some important news would come from her husband. Letters she had very few, but the postman's knock made her turn pale and place her hand to her heart, to check its wild beatings, while the coming of a stranger to the house had before now completely unnerved her. It was but natural, then, that she should become agitated by Bayle's manner. A thousand—ten thousand things might have happened to disturb her old friend, but in her half-hysterical state she could find but one cause—her own troubles; and starting up with her hand on her breast she exclaimed,—

"You have news for me!"

Christie Bayle had no more diplomatic power than a child, perhaps less than some; and he sank back in his chair, with his cup half raised to his lips, gazing at her in a pained, appealing manner that excited her further.

"Yes," she cried, "you are keeping something back. You think I cannot bear it, but I can. Yes, I am strong. Have I not borne all this pain these twelve years? And do you think me a child that you treat me so? Speak, I say—speak!"

"My dear Mrs. Hallam," began Sir Gordon soothingly.

"Hush, sir!" cried the trembling woman. "Let him speak. Mr. Bayle, why do you torture me—you, my best friend? What have I done that you—ah! I see

now. I—Julie—my child—he is dead!—he is dead!"

Julia had started to her side and caught her in her arms as she burst into a passionate wail, the first display of the wild despair in her heart that Bayle had seen for many years.

"No, no!" he cried, starting up and speaking with energy. "Mrs. Hallam, you are wrong. He is alive and well."

Millicent Hallam threw up her hands, clasped them together, reeled, and would have fallen but for her child's sustaining arms. It was as if a sudden vertigo had seized her, but it passed as quickly as it came. Years of suffering had strengthened as well as weakened, and the suffering woman's power of will was tremendous.

"I am better," she said in a hoarse, strangely altered voice. "Hush, Julie—I *can* bear it," she cried imperiously. "Tell me all. You have heard of my husband?"

"Yes, dear friend, yes; but be calm, and you shall know all."

"I am calm."

Christie Bayle felt the cold dew stand upon his brow as he faced the pale, stern face before him. It did not seem the Millicent Hallam he knew, but one at enmity with him for holding back from her that which was her very life.

"Why do you not speak?" she said angrily; and she took a step towards him.

In a flash, as it were, Christie Bayle seemed to see into the future, and in that future he saw, as it were, the simple happy little home he had made for the woman he had once loved crumbling away into nothingness, the years of peace gone forever, and a dark future of pain and misery usurping their place. The dew upon his brow grew heavier; and as Sir Gordon's eyes ranged from one to the other he could read that the anguish in the countenance of the man he had made his friend was as great as that suffered by the woman to whom, in the happy past, they had talked of love. He started as Bayle spoke; his voice sounded so calm and emotionless; at times it was slightly husky, but it gained strength as he went on, its effect being, as he took Mrs. Hallam's hands, holding them as he spoke, to make her sink upon her knees at his feet, her anger gone, and the calm of his spirit seeming to influence her own.

"I hesitated to speak," he said, "until I had prepared you for what I had to say."



"Prepared?" she cried. "What have all these terrible years been but my probation?"

"Yes, I know," said Bayle, "but still I hesitated. Yes," he said quickly, "I have heard from Mr. Hallam. He has written to me — enclosing a letter for his wife."

As he spoke he took the letter from his breast, and Mrs. Hallam caught it, read the direction with swimming eyes.

"Julie!" she panted, starting to her feet, "read — read it — quickly — whisper, my child!"

She turned her back to the men, and held the letter beneath the lamp.

Julia stretched out her hand to take the letter, but her mother drew it quickly back, with an alarmed look at her child, holding it tightly with both hands the next moment to the lamp; and Julia read through her tears in a low, quick voice: —

"Private and confidential.

"To Mrs. Robert Hallam, formerly Miss Millicent Luttrell, of King's Castor, in the county of Lincoln.

"N.B. If the lady to whom this letter is addressed be dead, it is to be returned unopened to

"Robert Hallam,  
"9749, Nulla Nulla Prison,  
"Port Jackson."

"Mrs. Hallam," said Bayle in his calm, clear voice, "Sir Gordon and I are going. You would like to be alone. Could you bear to see us again — say to-night, in an hour or two?"

"Yes, yes," she cried, catching his hand; "you will come back. There! you see I am calm now. Dear friends, make some excuse for me if I seem half mad."

Sir Gordon took the hand that Bayle dropped, and kissed it respectfully.

Bayle was holding Julia's.

"God help you both, and give you counsel," he whispered, half speaking to himself. "Julie, you will help her now."

"Help her!" panted Julia. "Why, it is a time of joy, Mr. Bayle; and you don't seem glad."

"Glad!" he said in a low voice, looking at her wistfully. "Heaven knows how I should rejoice if there were good news for both."

The next minute he and Sir Gordon were arm-in-arm walking about the square; for though Bayle had left the place intending to go to his own rooms, Mrs. Hallam's house seemed to possess an attraction for them both, and they stayed within sight of the quiet, modest little home.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE WIFE SPEAKS.

SIR GORDON was the first to break the silence, and his voice trembled with passion, and excitement.

"The villain!" he said in an angry whisper. "How dare he write to her! She suffered, but it was a calm and patient suffering, softened by time. Now he has torn open the wound to make it bleed afresh, and it will never heal again."

"I have lived in an agonizing dread of this night for the past ten years," said Bayle hoarsely.

"You?"

"Yes; I. Does it seem strange? I have seen her gradually growing more restful and happy in the love of her child. I have gone on loving that child as if she were my own. Was it not reasonable that I should dread the hour when that man might come and claim them once again?"

"But they are not his own," cried Sir Gordon. "The man is socially dead."

"To us and to the land," said Bayle; "but is the husband of her young love dead to the heart of such a woman as Millicent Hallam?"

"Luttrell, man; Luttrell," cried Sir Gordon excitedly; "don't utter his accursed name!"

"As Millicent Hallam," said Bayle gravely. "She is his wife. She will never change."

"She must be made to change," cried Sir Gordon, whose excitement and anger were in strong contrast to the calm, patient suffering of the man upon whose arm he hung heavily as they tramped on round and round the circular railings within the square. "It is monstrous that he should be allowed to disturb her peace, Bayle. Look here! Did you say that letter came enclosed to you?"

"Yes."

"Then — then you were a fool, man — a fool! You call yourself her friend — the friend of that sweet girl?"

"Their truest, best friend, I hope."

"You call yourself my friend," continued Sir Gordon, in the same angry, unreasoning way, "and yet you give them that letter? You should have sent it back to the scoundrel, marked dead. They are dead to him. Bayle, you were a fool."

"Do you think so?" he said, smiling and looking round at his companion. "My dear sir, is your Christianity at so low an ebb that you speak those words?"

"Now you are beginning to preach, to excuse yourself."

"No," replied Bayle quietly. "I was only about to say, suppose these long years of suffering for his crime have changed that man; are we to say there is to be no ray of hope in his darkened life?"

"I can't argue with you, Bayle," cried Sir Gordon. "Forgive me. I grow old and easily excited. I called you a fool; I was the fool. It was misplaced. You are not very angry with me?"

"My dear old friend!"

"My dear boy!"

Sir Gordon's voice sounded strange, and something wonderfully like a sob was heard. Then for some time they paced on round and round the square, glancing at the illumined window-blind, both longing to be back in the pleasant little room.

And now the same feeling that had troubled Bayle seemed to have made its way into Sir Gordon's breast. The little home, with its tokens of feminine taste and traces of mother and daughter everywhere, had grown to be so delightful an oasis in his desert life that he looked with dismay at the chance of losing it forever.

He knew nothing yet, but that home seemed to be gliding away. He had not heard the letter read, but a strange horror of what it might contain made him shudder for what he knew; and as the future began to paint terrors without end, he suddenly nipped the arm of his silent, thoughtful companion.

"There! there!" he said, "we are thinking about ourselves, man."

"No," said Bayle in a deep, sad voice, "I was thinking about them."

"It's my belief," said Sir Gordon half angrily, "that you have gone on all these years past thinking about them. But come! we must act. Tell me about the letter. Do you say he wrote to you?"

"Yes."

"But why to you? He must have hated you with all his heart."

"I believe he did," replied Bayle.

"Even my love for his child was a grievance to him."

"And yet he wrote to you, enclosing the letter to his wife."

"I suppose he felt that I should not forsake them in their distress; and that whatever changes might have taken place, my whereabouts would be known—a clergyman being easily traced. See?"

He took another letter from his pocket, and stopped beneath a gas-lamp.

"No, no, I cannot read it by this light; tell me what he says," exclaimed Sir Gordon.

"The letter is directed to me at King's Castor, and above the direction Hallam has written, 'If Mr. Christie Bayle has left King's Castor the postal authorities are requested to find his address from the Clerical Directory.' The people at Castor of course knew my address, and sent it on."

"Yes, I see. Well, well, what does he say?"

Bayle read in a calm, clear voice the following letter:—

"Prison, Nulla Nulla,  
"Port Jackson, Australia,  
"Dec. 9, 18—

"SIR, — You and I were never friends, and in my trouble perhaps you were harder on me than you need have been. But I always believed you to be a true gentleman, and that you liked my wife and child. I can trust no one else but a clergyman, being a convict; but your profession must make you ready, like our chaplain here, to hear all our troubles, so I write to ask you to help me by placing the letter enclosed in my wife's hands, and in none other's. It is for her sight alone.

"I cannot offer to reward you for doing me this service, but I ask you to do a good turn to a suffering man, who has gone through a deal since you saw him.

"Please mark; the letter is to be given to my wife alone, or to my child. If they are both dead the letter is to be sent back to me unopened, as I tell you it contains private matters, only relating to my wife and me.

"I am, Reverend Sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"ROBERT HALLAM, 9749.

"To the Rev. Christie Bayle,  
"Curate of King's Castor."

"Why, the fellow seems to have grown vulgarized and coarse in style. That is not the sort of letter our old manager would have written."

"The handwriting is greatly changed too."

"Of course it is his?"

"Oh, yes; there is no doubt about it. The change is natural, if the life the poor wretches lead out there be as bad as I have heard."

"Hah! I don't suppose they find them feather beds, Bayle."

"If half I know be true," said Bayle indignantly, "the place is a horror. It is a scandal to our country and our boasted Christianity!"

"What, Botany Bay?"

"The whole region of the penal settlement.

"There, there, Bayle! you are too easy, man! You infect me. I shall begin to repent of my share in sending that fellow out of the country. Let's get back. We must have been out here an hour."

"An hour and a half," said Bayle, looking at his watch. "Yes; we will ask if they can see us to-night. We will not press it if they prefer to be alone."

Thisbe must have been in the passage, the door was opened so quickly. Her face was harder than ever, and the moustache, by the light of the candle upon the bracket, looked like a dark line drawn by a smutty finger. There was a defiant look, too, in her eyes; but it was evident that she had been crying, as she ushered the friends into the room where Mrs. Hallam was sitting, with Julia kneeling at her feet, and resting her arms upon her mother's knees.

Both rose as Bayle and Sir Gordon entered.

"We only wish to say good-night," said the latter apologetically.

"I have been expecting you both for some time," said Mrs. Hallam calmly; but it was plain to her friends that she was fighting hard to master her emotion.

Sir Gordon signed to Bayle to speak, but the latter remained closed of lip, and the silence became most painful.

Julia looked wistfully at her mother, whose face was transfigured by the joy that illumined it once more, though it had no reflection in her child's face, which was rendered sad by the traces of the tears that she had lately shed.

"Your husband is well?" said Bayle at last, for Mrs. Hallam was looking at him reproachfully.

"Yes, oh, yes, he is quite well," she said proudly; and something of her old feeling seemed to come back, for the eyes that looked from Sir Gordon to Bayle gave a defiant flash.

"Well?" she said impatiently, as if weary of waiting to be questioned.

"Do you wish your friends to know the contents of your husband's letter?"

"Yes," she cried; "all that is not of a private nature."

Bayle paused again. Then his lips parted, but no words came; and Sir Gordon saw that there was a tender, yearning look in his eyes, a pitying expression in his face.

Then he seemed to recover himself. He moistened his feverish lips, and said in a low, pained voice, —

"Then the term of his imprisonment is over? He is coming back?"

"My poor husband was sentenced to exile for life," said Mrs. Hallam, with her head erect, as if she were defending the reputation of a patriot.

"But he has received pardon?"

"No. The world is still unjust."

Sir Gordon met her eyes full of reproach; but as she gazed at him her features softened, and she took a step forward, and caught his hand.

"Forgive my bitterness," she said quickly. "It was all a grievous error. Only, now that this message has come from beyond the seas" — she unconsciously adopted the language used a short time before — "the old wound seems to be opened, and to bleed afresh."

Bayle had uttered a sigh of relief at her words respecting the injustice of the world, and he waited till Mrs. Hallam turned to him again.

"I wish to be plain — to speak as I should at another time, but I am too agitated, too much overcome with the great joy that has fallen to me at last — the joy for which I have prayed so long. At times it seems a dream — as if I were mocked by one of the visions that have haunted my nights; but I know it is true. I have his words here — here!"

She snatched the letter from her breast, her eyes sparkling and a feverish flush coming into her face, while, as she stood there in the softened light shed by the lamp, her lips apart, and a glint of her white teeth just seen, it seemed to both Bayle and Sir Gordon that the Millicent Luttrell of the old days was before them. Even the tones of her voice had lost their harshness, and sounded mellow and round.

They stood wondering and rapt, noticing the transformation, the animated way; the eager excitement, as of one longing to take action, after an enforced sealing up of every energy; and as they stood before her half-stunned in thought, she seemed to gather the force they lost, and mentally towered above them in her words.

"You ask me of his letter," she said at last, half bitterly, but again fighting this bitterness down. "I will tell you what he says to me and to his child."

"Yes," said Bayle, almost mechanically; and in the same half-stunned way he looked from her to Julia, who stood with her hands clasped and hanging before her, wistful, troubled, and evidently in pain.

"Yes, Mrs. Hallam," said Sir Gordon, for she had sought his eyes as she released those of Bayle, "tell me what he says."

She paused with the letter in her hands, holding it pressed against her bosom. Then raising it slowly, she placed it against her lips, and remained silent for what seemed an interminable time.

At last she spoke, and there was a strange solemnity in her words as she said in less deep tones, —

"It is the voice of the husband and father away beyond the wild seas, and there on the other side of the wide world, speaking to the wife and child he loves, and its essence is, 'I am weary of waiting — wife — child — I bid you come.'"

As she spoke, Bayle felt his legs tremble, and he involuntarily caught at a chair, tilting it forward and resting upon its back till, as she spoke the last words, he spasmodically snatched his hands from the chair, which fell with a heavy crash into the grate.

It was not noticed by any there, only by Thisbe, who ran to the door in alarm, as Bayle was speaking excitedly.

"No, no. It is impossible. You could not go!"

"My husband tells me," continued Mrs. Hallam, gazing now at Sir Gordon, who seemed to shrink and grow older of aspect than before, "that after such a long probation as his the government has some compassion towards the poor exiles in their charge; that they extend certain privileges to them, and ameliorate their sufferings. That his wife and child would be allowed to see him, and that under certain restrictions he would be free so long as he did not attempt to leave the colony."

"It is too horrible!" groaned Sir Gordon to himself, as in imagination he saw the horrors of the penal settlement and this gently nurtured woman and her child landed there.

"I say it is impossible," said Bayle, again; and there was firmness and anger combined in his tones. "Mrs. Hallam, you must not think of it."

"Not think of it?" she said sternly.

"For your own sake; no."

"You say this to me, Christie Bayle?"

"Yes, to you; and if I must bring forward a stronger argument — for your child's sake you must not go."

A look that was half joy, half grief, flashed from Julia's eyes; and Mrs. Hallam looked to her, and took her hand firmly in her own.

"Will you tell me why, Mr. Bayle?" she said sternly.

"I could not. I dare not," he said firmly. "Believe me though, when I tell

you this. As your friend — as Julia's protector, almost foster-father — knowing what I do, I have mastered everything possible, from the government minutes and despatches, respecting the penal settlement out there. It is no place for two tender women. Mrs. Hallam, it is impossible for you to go."

"Again I ask you why?" said Mrs. Hallam sternly.

"I cannot — I dare not paint to you what you would have to go through," said Bayle almost fiercely.

"Mrs. Hallam," said Sir Gordon, coming to his aid; "what he says is right. Believe me too. You cannot, you must not go."

There was a pause for a few moments, and then Mrs. Hallam drew her child more closely to her side.

"You dare not paint the horrors that await us there, Christie Bayle," she then said in a softened tone. "There is no need. The recital would fall on barren ground. The horrors suffered by the husband and father, his wife and child will gladly dare."

"You cannot. You shall not. For Heaven's sake pause!"

"When my husband bids me come? Dear friend, you do not know me yet," she said softly.

"But Mrs. Hallam, Millicent, my child!" cried Sir Gordon imploringly.

"I cannot listen to your appeals," she said in a grieved tone, and with the tears at last gushing from her aching eyes.

"Ah," cried Bayle excitedly, "she is giving way. Millicent Luttrell, for your own, for your child's sake, you will stay."

She rose up proudly once more.

"Millicent Hallam and her child will go."

Sir Gordon made an imploring movement.

"It is to obtain his release, Julie, my child," said Mrs. Hallam, in a tender voice, "the release of our long-suffering martyr. What say you? He calls to us from beyond the seas to come and help him, what must we do?"

Again there was a painful silence in that room, every breath seemed to be held till Julia said, in a low, dreamy voice, —

"Mother, we must go."

As she ended, a faint sigh escaped her lips, and she sank as if insensible upon her mother's breast.

"Yes," cried Millicent Hallam, gazing straight before her, "were the world a hundred times as wide."

From The Fortnightly Review.

# THE NOVELISTS AND THEIR PATRONS.

THAT nobody buys books nowadays may seem to be a sweeping assertion, nevertheless it is not very far from the truth. Necessarily there are exceptions to every rule; the railway bookstalls drive a flourishing business, and Mr. Smith can show satisfactory balance sheets. I presume that the retail booksellers pay their way, what with Christmas gift books and the help of chance customers, though I suspect they have fallen upon evil times. The fashionable poets of the day may be exceptionally favored, and of course the circulating libraries buy largely. But all that scarcely affects the broad proposition that few private individuals "squander" money in books. In many a venerable country house there is an excellent old-fashioned library. It is well provided with standard works on divinity and history, and with the travels and the belles-lettres of former generations. Possibly the shelves were rarely disturbed, as now they are seldom visited save by the housemaid, who sweeps the cobwebs and clears away the dust. The collection may have been started by some nobleman or squire of literary tastes; and you may trace the turn of his mind in the books he has left behind him. But however that may be, and though his successors might have been gay men of fashion, or hard-riding fox-hunters, they seem generally to have recognized the responsibilities he bequeathed. Even in this present century, if they did nothing more, they scrupulously bound the *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly*, and when a famous traveller broke fresh ground, or when a gifted novelist became the lion of the London drawing-rooms, his books found their way down to the country. But as a rule we remark that the squire of the day stopped buying just as the rents of his farms were rapidly on the rise, and when he had less occasion to tax the credit of the county banker. And the explanation is simple. The better the social position which had set up a library as well as a stable as necessary appendages to a great country mansion, the more certain it was that the landowner would come to London in the season. Once in town, whether in Parliament or no, he bustled through his busy days among a hundred distractions; his expenses were increased out of proportion to his rentroll; while as for reading, when he or the ladies of his household read at all, they wanted their books of the light-

est, and only cared to skim. A man of sagacity and real initiative genius was quick to mark the opportunity and profit by it. Mr. Mudie, who must have been a very Carnot for prompt imagination, built up his big business out of small beginnings, and succeeded in revolutionizing for several generations at least the whole course and manner of English reading.

It is Mr. Mudie and those who imitate him who cater for the public; and very well they do it on the whole, since it is their interest to anticipate the needs it is their business to consult. But the question is whether the present system is the best for the public, the writers, the publishers, or even for the circulating libraries themselves. Confining myself to the lightest literature, and chiefly to fiction, I doubt whether the system is profitable to any class, either intellectually or pecuniarily, though much may be said on the other side. Beginning at the sources whence the books are set in circulation, the popular idea is that the libraries thrive principally by novels. That I believe to be doubtful, to say the least. The libraries are compelled to take an enormous quantity of new novels, which they buy at comparatively fancy prices. Six hundred copies may be a common order for a new work by a novelist of established reputation. When Lord Beaconsfield brought out a "Lothair" or an "Endymion" the copies contracted for in advance must have been five times as many. The first rush of the subscribers must be met more or less; but the demand subsides as quickly as it arises. Then, and in view of the inevitable cheaper issue, many thousand volumes become pretty nearly so much waste paper, notwithstanding the drain to the provinces. The librarians having met, more or less satisfactorily, an imperative demand, may have to reckon their losses instead of their gains. Where they more probably do make the profits is by more solid yet popular books, which continue in some demand for an eternity — in other words, for a year or two; while even with these it is to be feared that usually it is a case of quick returns and speedy profits. It would be interesting to know how often Trevelyan's "Life of Fox" is asked for at present, or Froude's "Carlyle," or Cross's "George Eliot."

The feverish life of "society," which, after all, keeps the intellect in some measure awake, may be an excuse for much, although it is the victims who are the sufferers. The men who seem to have the most leisure will assure you that they are



the hardest worked of mortals. What with politics or chatting politics in the Parliamentary session; what with perpetual dinners and evening entertainments through the season; what with hunting in hard-won holidays through the winter, and salmon-fishing, shooting, or yachting through the rest of the year; what with recruiting their energies and restoring digestion by the sea or at the German baths, — how can they possibly find time for pleasant hours with popular authors? They come back from the daily labor of work or play, drop asleep, dress for dinner, and so always *du capo*. Should they ever snatch an hour or so for quiet thought, it will come when they are broken down or stretched on their death-beds. But the men and women who lead duller and more methodical lives might be expected to read for recreation or excitement. Possibly they do read, to a certain extent; but they eternally revolve in the same narrow circle, and the guinea subscription to some book society contents them, with the desperate chance of getting what they ask. I am not talking now of what is called the upper middle class, refined for the most part and fairly well educated, but rather having its affinities with the world of fashion. I refer to the households, the heads of which are in a moderate way of business, devoted to well-remunerated drudgery, who swarm in the suburban villas, and who command springs of money that if once they were tapped, might flow for the authors and publishers like the petroleum wells of the Pennsylvanian Pactolus. They must kill the evenings somehow and break the monotony of lives of routine. They read, but they read from hand to mouth, as they get the rolls each morning from the baker round the corner; except that the baker, being liberally dealt with, always serves them as they wish, while in return for the starved subscription to the library they must often put up with stones for bread in the most unwholesome of badly baked pastry. Not that the library should be blamed, for what can be given for a guinea? In can hardly be said that either the intellect or literary taste deteriorates under a course of inferior works, for neither one nor the other have ever been cultivated. But having never learned to distinguish between good and evil, many of these cheap subscribers have actually come to prefer mawkish sentimentalism or highly spiced sensation. Naturally these good people have no transactions with the booksellers, unless when they

buy a boy's story or a tale of a religious tendency, which are the safest and most economical of Christmas presents. We know the look of the central table in the drawing-room. As the room is seldom used except on festal occasions, so the arrangements of that table are never disturbed. Side by side with the brilliantly bound volumes and photographs lie the "Beauties of Byron" and the Illustrated Tennyson, contemporary with the table itself, for they came into the household as wedding gifts.

In fact, borrowing books instead of buying them has become so ingrained in our habits, that even when an illiterate *non-veau riche* is furnishing and lavishing money in vain show, it never occurs to him to decorate with book-bindings. He buys "veritable" old masters and more authentic moderns at fanciful figures; he sets up marble nymphs and fauns on his stair-landings, and garnishes his *salons* with questionable china; but it never strikes him that well-furnished bookshelves give a homelike air to his house. Possibly, as he has made his money by looking after the main chance, there may be some reason in that seeming inconsistency, for if the old masters were genuine they should fetch their prices at a sale. The authenticated moderns might mount in value, like the vintage clarets he has laid down in his cellars; while if he were to bring the promiscuous contents of his bookshelves to the hammer, they must be thrown away at a tremendous sacrifice. Perhaps the best or only customers of the booksellers, in the department of light literature at least, are to be found among overtaxed men. They are hard-working barristers, doctors, and writers who seek refreshment for the jaded but craving brain by losing themselves for a time in the world of imagination. They are fastidious or capricious in the tastes they have ample room for indulging, as they have no leisure to spend money on "amusements," and no inclination for social dissipation. So sometimes they positively buy the fictions they fancy, though even these intellectual sybarites may fall into the fashion of the day, and make special arrangements, on exceptional terms, with the libraries.

As for the authors and publishers, who have a deep pecuniary interest in the question, it seems evident that the restricted sale must be injurious to both alike. The nominal cost of the British novel is absurd and prohibitory. It varies in most cases from thirty one shillings and

sixpence to twenty-one shillings, and as a rule the feebleness of the production the higher are these nominal figures. For the same sum, or a smaller, we may buy a new work of standard history or biography, which is sure to be generally read, and has a chance of surviving among our classics. Every one knows that the advertised price of the novel is purely fictitious. The best of them may be sold to the libraries, with the usual trade reductions; but probably in nine cases out of ten the terms are matters of bargain. Yet should some generously impulsive friend of "a new writer" hurry off to a bookshop to supply himself with "The Bloody Hand," or "The Sorrows of a Spinster," he is bound to pay down the quoted price, though he may bargain for the trade discount. So that, as a matter of fact, there are no private sales, and the author absolutely depends on the purchases by the libraries. The general rage for reform has never touched the novel market. Its prices perpetuate the traditions of the good old golden days, when novel-writers were relatively rarer than novel-readers, which is saying a great deal. But when Constable could afford to give Scott £6,000 or £8,000 for a "Guy Mannering" or an "Old Mortality," he had the assurance of "being brought handsomely home" by the sales. The public, if it was eager to read, had no option but to pay; and on the announcement of some new masterpiece by the magician of the north, the guineas and the half-guineas came rolling across the counters. Scott lived to see many imitators, who matched him at his own weapons, as he modestly complained. But it was a crucial test of a writer's capacity when he had to find a thousand or more private buyers with thirty shillings to spare; and the art, submitted to that seaching pecuniary test, could scarcely fall far beneath a certain level. Much later in the century, although the libraries had begun to flourish, the field was still left comparatively open. As yet there was no great crush of competition, and rich profits were to be reaped. There were still fresh veins to be struck, and men of talent might practically patent the privilege of working their "claim." So Bulwer made a great success with "Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman," when he masked a muscular athlete under a man of fashion, and took him into the thieves' dens of eastern London. Harrison Ainsworth did extremely well with the thrilling sensations of his highway-

men and housebreakers, and with what Thackeray called his light and playful fancies of his plague-stricken patients on their death-beds and his torture-chambers in the tower. Nay, even our good old friend, G. P. R. James, with the mild historical romances which he multiplied at will, fixed the taste of a capricious public for his lifetime; though now it is to be feared he is well-nigh forgotten, or is only recalled to mind by his "Heidelberg," which sells in the Tauchnitz collection. The veteran Ainsworth, who was writing only yesterday, lived to witness a lamentable change. The publishers who had freely drawn cheques for thousands in his prime, had come to hesitate over hundreds, or suggest depressingly speculative ventures in half profits, when he offered them his latest wares. Yet, in the mean time, an immense though ephemeral impulse had been given to the sale of novels by issuing them in shilling serial form. Dickens and Thackeray had deservedly become the rage. The new numbers of the "David Copperfields" and the "Vanity Fairs" were to be seen upon every drawing-room table. We know from Forster's "Life" that the sales of "The Old Curiosity Shop" and of "Barnaby Rudge" mounted to sixty thousand and seventy thousand. Even then, on second thoughts, it seems to have struck the public that, binding included, those masterpieces in twenty numbers were dear at the money. For the sale of "Martin Chuzzlewit," which Dickens asserted to be by far the best of his books, had fallen at the start to twenty thousand, though it was subsequently increased when he shipped his hero to America. The fashion did not last, though Lever imitated it, and indeed it could only be carried on by first-rate men, who at the same time were rival popular favorites. The only recent example has been the issue of "Altiara Peto" in four successive instalments, which was certainly successful; but then the author of "Piccadilly" has made his mark in many ways, and is so far an exceptional man. The market for costly serials has been destroyed by the competition of the cheap shilling or sixpenny magazines, which give marvellous value for the money, and are sometimes most artistically illustrated. Mr. Black or Mr. Besant would make a desperate venture now, even if they brought out a more charming "Princess of Thule" or a more original "Chaplain of the Fleet" in the familiar shape of the shilling monthly issue.

For the fact is, that the conditions of

novel-writing and novel-selling have changed altogether, and unless we may look for another revolution, sooner or later, some future annalist will have to write the history of the decline and fall of English fiction. The question of money is at the bottom of the whole thing, for novel-writing is become a business like any other. There is an infinite charm, no doubt, in novel-writing when you feel the vocation. You can detach yourself from earthly cares in a bright world of the fancy; you live with the creations you shape at your will, and pleasant company they ought to be, because they should have the fascinations of infinite variety. When the saints and the people of high principle begin to pall upon you, you may seek relaxation in the society of your sinners, and even mix familiarly with criminals of the deepest dye, without the fear of compromising your character. Then, as Trollope pointed out in his autobiography, the professional novelist is a chartered libertine, enjoying exceptional privileges and immunities. He needs no capital and superintends no staff. He can choose his own time and do the work at propitious seasons. That at least is the ideal, and to some extent the practical, view of the career. Yet the pursuit has its drawbacks like every other profession. Dickens complains of being kept awake night after night by the half-defined phantoms of unfortunate characters, that haunted him till the flesh would fail under the feverish struggles of the fancy, and he had to fly to the coast or the Continent for rest and change of scene. As for Trollope, for a man of his talent, he was an extraordinary exception to ordinary rules. Like Mr. Payn, he could do regular mechanical work, daily turning out the fixed quantity of copy. But most men of brilliant imagination will rather sympathize with Dickens. There are days when, for no obvious reason, imagination refuses to answer to the call; and nothing can be more fretting to ambition or to patience than to suffer from an indefinite paralysis of the powers. Moreover the writer who lives by his pen finds that the precious time is being wasted, while rent and taxes are running on relentlessly, and the bills must be met at the end of the half-year. The author must make his income like other professional men, and in these days the clever author aspires to live well. Had he gone to the bar he might have attained to the dignity of the bench, after feathering his nest comfortably with retainers and refreshers. Had he taken to

medicine and become a famous physician, he would have seen his waiting-rooms crowded with patients. But as a novelist nowadays he finds it an uphill game from the first to the last. He must exercise himself in calm resignation, and be prepared to face many disappointments in any case. He should have some private means to hold out upon if he hopes to "stay." Failure and growing discouragement are more than probable; while at the best the prizes are few, precarious, and not very lucrative.

The successful novelist who goes forward with reasonable confidence must have gradually formed a public for himself, who are sure to ask for his books in any case. His reputation may stand the strain of an occasional feeble story, but he dares not take a succession of liberties or make a series of mistakes. He must have a certain versatility, for the public is capricious. His health may break down of a sudden, and then his occupation is gone when the magic wand is broken. All these things the prudent aspirant to success will carefully weigh and consider; and when he sums up, the conclusion of the whole matter is, that some three or four writers of the first distinction do fairly well, although far less well than formerly; that even the novelists of well-established popularity hold it on a nervously precarious tenure; while behind and beneath them is the swarming and hustling ruck who, even if they be "placed" in one heat, land but a trifling stake, and may be nowhere on the next public appearance. That view of the situation is not overcolored, and certainly it is nowise encouraging.

And the state of things as I have sketched it is the justification of the publishers, whom authors have been grumbling at from time immemorial. We are all familiar with the sarcasm launched at the egotistical and grasping purveyor of literature, who drinks his champagne out of the skulls of popular authors. In reality the metaphor is as unjust as most metaphors that aim at being epigrammatic. No doubt the publisher, like other men, desires to drive a good bargain, but after all he must be held in check by keen competition. A sagacious publisher is always glad to retain his connection with a promising author, even at considerable immediate risk; but he knows by the traditional experience of his firm that ability is not everything, and that in light literature, beyond all other things, the really profitable author must recognize and an-

ticipate the popular fancies. He has burned his fingers so often that he has necessarily become wary. He is so alive to the difficulty of getting an edition off his hands that he glances at the manuscript of a new writer with a prepossession, if not a prejudice, against it. Like the insurance companies, he can only do well in the end by carefully distributing his risks and trading on the hard certainty of averages. And it must be remembered that he makes his profits in the novel market rather by doubtful though hopeful bids than in what seem to be certainties. A George Eliot could practically command her own price; and the publisher would rather publish a "Romola" at a loss than lose the connection which is an invaluable advertisement.

The two or three writers who have climbed to the top of the tree may be said to be independent. They can afford to consider their reputations and whims; though the more complete and artistic their work, the better it will pay them in the end—for I am looking at the novel business for the moment primarily from the pecuniary point of view. But with the rising author it is very different. In contemplating the sale of his book he must count with a variety of chances. He is told that the only way to make it pay is to pass it through a serial of some sort. The editors even of the most literary of the monthlies prefer on the whole to have a monthly sensation; and in any case they insist that the opening numbers of a story shall give promise of the interest to come. The editors of the weekly journals, who arrange for popular novels nowadays by forming syndicates, naturally demand incessant action, sharply drawn scenes, and crisp, telling dialogue; while the editors of illustrated journals seek chiefly for subjects for dramatic illustrations. The unfortunate speculator is bound to consider all that, and he stretches his favorite characters on a Procrustean bed, while he subordinates his plot and his episodes to conflicting calculations. Nor is that the worst. The novel, with an eye to independent publication in book form, must be spun out to the regulation length. In the first place, the public has been brought to expect it. In the second place, the book has to bear a heavy load of advertising. It costs as much to advertise three volumes as two or a single one; but in the case of a one-volume issue, the profits are nearly swallowed by the advertising. Were a man to write with a single eye to pleasure and fame, we suspect

he would seldom publish in serials at all, though by not doing so he not merely sacrificed money, but missed his best opportunity of advertising himself. But if the ablest of second-class novelists were to publish straight off in book form, he would have small cause for congratulation over his publisher's balance-sheet, unless his novel had gone to a second edition. In which case he would probably be lured away to the serials by editors who were eager to *exploiter* the latest of the lions.

For if clever debutants in want of money must face grave difficulties, on the other hand any one can bring out a novel. Novel-writing has become the dream of the impecunious, the first resource of the gifted destitute, a short cut to notoriety for the obscure and ambitious. As has been forcibly pointed out by many American humorists, it is the only trade which needs no apprenticeship. It is open to any one to try his luck, and the fair sex, having much time on their hands, and being impressively sentimental and constitutionally sanguine, have been dipping freely into the lucky bag. As each French conscript might be carrying the marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack, so any lady may turn out a Charlotte Brontë or a George Eliot. Unfortunately, an acquaintance with the schoolroom and nursery, with some experience of flirtations at garden parties and dinners, cannot go very far without the genius of creation and imagination. For it must be remembered that women with their more limited knowledge of life must often imagine what a man might reproduce, and, moreover, they ought to be more reserved as to sketching life in its shadier aspects. So that the failures by lady writers for the most part are more ludicrous or more commonplace than failures by men. Be that as it may, from the one sex and the other we have a number of works that are really unreadable. It is understood that the manner of their publication is this. The author finds out a publisher with no particular reputation, for the names of certain firms on a title page are so far a guarantee of merit. The bargain is struck; a first issue of, say, two hundred and fifty copies is to be made, on the author paying down a sum to guarantee the publisher against loss. A few copies are bought for the libraries, tentatively, at a large reduction on the nominal price. These copies, having been purchased cheap, may come in usefully as padding for country boxes. Should there be any demand for the book



more copies will be bought; but in the mean time the librarian is well within the limit of his rights. He is bound to give every new author a fair chance, and he offers his customers the opportunity of differing from his own opinion, however unfavorable that may be. He is quite justified in covering inevitable risks or losses by occasionally saving some sovereigns when he can. It is the vice of the system. But the upshot is, that works of genuine merit by novices or by writers but little known are swamped in masses of superficial or sentimental rubbish; and it makes all the difference of sufficient profit, or the reverse, to the author, who might have given pleasure to many thousands had he met with encouragement to persevere.

It would be a long step in the right direction were it possible to suppress the alluring publishers, who tempt authors — whose books are weak or worthless — to try their fortune in the novel market at their personal risk. There are firms who use stereotyped circulars in reply to aspirants ambitious of the honors of print. Precise terms are formulated in these as to the conditions of publication and the rate of payment, the date, and amount of successive instalments. A sum of £40, more or less, is usually demanded from an author to cover the expense of publishing a single-volume novel, and the returns, if any, on the sale are divided between author and publisher, two thirds to the former and one-third to the latter. The chances of lucrative profits are rather remote, it is to be feared.

By way of illustration, I may give the approximate results of an arrangement of this kind, actually carried out. There the author advanced £90 for the publication of a three-volume novel, which had merit enough to command a fair circulation. The proceeds of the sale were £200. Deducting £40 for expenses of advertising, £160 were left for division. The publisher took his third — say, £53 — so that the net gain to the author was £17, although he might perhaps think himself exceptionally fortunate in recovering his guarantee money. Yet £17 seems but a modest return for the time, the thought, and the labor expended; and it is hard to conceive how writers should try again and again, who, having met with nothing but discouragement from readers and reviewers, have repeatedly sacrificed their deposits into the bargain. But that many of them must persevere is tolerably certain, for no fewer than seventy-five novels were

published this year, between New Year's day and the middle of April, while the unlucky number of thirteen appeared, in a single week, in the month of May.

Undoubtedly we seem to be fixed hard and fast in a groove; the question is, whither or how we are to get out of it. And if there is to be a revolution it can only come in the direction of a general lowering of prices, for all the tendency of the trade of the day is towards smaller profits and quicker returns. For the moment we have a fashion of shilling volumes; but that can hardly last, since it will certainly never pay. Republication in shilling shape of the works of some eminent man may be all very well. It is understood that Messrs. Longmans have had cause to congratulate themselves on the success of their admirable shilling edition of Lord Beaconsfield's novels. Whether they and Mr. Louis Stevenson got fair value for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is more doubtful, yet that marvelously ingenious little inspiration had an enormous and exceptional sale. It is easy to calculate the gains on every original shilling issue, starting from the fact that there is twopence of profit on each copy, to be shared between publisher and author. And to begin with, the publisher as a man of business must protect himself, since the extent of any sale must be wildly speculative. If a novelist of some note sells fourteen thousand copies — as "Dr. Jekyll" or "Called Back" are altogether exceptional — he does extremely well. Yet that only leaves £116 to be divided. Thus the shilling issue can never pay; and already the publishers have come to that conclusion. It may be taken for granted that there is no middle course between the present ridiculously fantastical prices and really cheap works. Yet the result of what would be a revolution in the trade must be mere matter of guesswork; and there are the widest differences of opinion among the men who have the best means of forming an opinion. There are publishers of great experience who maintain that cheap publications can never succeed in England, and that the authors in the event of the change would see their profits dwindle and vanish. Others are more hopeful, but these say that in any case success could only be brought about by a general combination which would be difficult or impossible to arrange. We are told that cheap reprints of fairly popular books barely clear their expenses. I cannot say how that may be; and yet there is one striking example to the contrary. George



Meredith is perhaps the most brilliant of living novelists. He is a poet as well as a writer of romance, and his pages invariably sparkle with bright and subtle fancy. Consequently he never seemed to have hit the taste of a public which neither appreciated nor comprehended him. He long refused to make an appeal in more popular form, on the principle, I presume, of not throwing his pearls to the pigs, though he was not so uncivil as to say so much. At last he gave a reluctant consent, and it is much to the credit of English readers that he has had no reason to regret his decision, for, very much to his own surprise, the cheap edition of his novels is selling wonderfully well.

After all, however, the sale of cheap reprints proves little or nothing one way or another. If we are to argue from analogies we must look to France, where the novel in yellow paper at three francs and a half monopolizes the market. The only exception we remember of late years were the wide-printed and broad-margined folios of Victor Hugo; and the poet who was buried with national honors in the Pantheon stood above and apart from the most brilliant of his *confrères*. Gaboriau, Alphonse Daudet, Zola—all the writers who expect to be read by everybody—have been content with the immense circulation at the ordinary tariff for French novels; as they well may be, since the sums they receive must make the mouths of our most successful novelists water. Before the issue of one of their books has well been announced it seems already to be in its tenth or twentieth edition; nor can that swift succession of editions be a simple trick of the trade, for no mystery is made of the sums paid to the authors. Yet it cannot be said that the French are a reading people. There are no circulating libraries as with us, and what books they want they must buy. Baccarat or dominoes—the life in the *cercles* or the *cafés*—is fatal to the long, slow evenings at home, when the novel is most naturally in demand. Who ever saw a Frenchman prepare for a long railway journey by supplementing his handful of journals with a stock of light fiction? Probably the explanation is to be found in the fact that French novels sell freely in foreign countries. If the author has made a name, and if his books are popular, from two thousand to three thousand are disposed of in Russia, one thousand to two thousand are exported to England, while the United States, South America, and other Continental countries besides Russia, all be-

come customers to a considerable extent. But that foreign demand does not help the beginner; and every Englishman has a better chance of making his way among the English-speaking races in the wealthy British colonies. Anglo-Indians have ample time on their hands; Australians and Canadians have both time and money. Surely it follows that if cheap novels sell so freely across the Channel, the sale ought to be at least as great with ourselves. We are told that hard-headed and rough-handed Englishmen detest the flimsy paper covers, which seem to swindle them by involving the necessity for rebinding. That is a minor though it may be an important detail; and strong boards might be substituted for those slight wrappers. But if a variety of reasonably fascinating novels were to be launched simultaneously in an attractive uniform we believe that they would have a good sale from the first, and that the sales would increase in arithmetical progression as people became familiarized with the custom. The bright volumes would force themselves into notice everywhere; they would be arranged in tempting rows on every bookstall and in each bookseller's window. What well-to-do admirer of Mr. Besant, Mr. Black, or Mr. Payn, with a spare three shillings and sixpence in his pocket, could resist the temptation of securing the company of his favorite author to beguile the hours of solitary travel? When once he had been reconciled to the new extravagance the practice would grow upon him, like the habit of smoking or the vice of drinking. As for ladies, with the less calculating impulsiveness of their temperaments, they would be still safer customers within the limits of their means. Were the example once set we may assume, from our knowledge of human nature, that it would be almost universally followed. Every one would be asking every one else, "Have you read Mr. So-and-So's new novel?" and an answer in the negative would imply not only want of taste, but a want of ready money, which is far more discreditable.

It may be said that the system might work very well for men whose reputation is made already, and whose books would be in general demand; but that struggling authors would be pushed to the wall, and that the flashes of their hopes would die down in discouragement. If we go to France, again, the arguments are all the other way. Writers in France who have really the stuff of the romancer in them

come to the front and to fame more quickly than in England. So we should expect to find it. Not being in the secret of French publishers, I cannot tell what may be the profits on average maiden attempts. But it is certain that if an author is to make a profession of literature, always assuming that he has a real vocation for it, the first condition of success is that he should be broadly advertised. Can there be any better advertisement than setting his book into wide circulation? With the name of Dentu or Hachette on the title-page, the French novice has a voucher that ensures a considerable sale. Say that five thousand copies are printed to begin with, in place of five hundred or even fewer as in England, if there is promise in the work it advertises itself, advertising itself in the most effectual way. When he follows up that maiden work with another, he finds the soil all prepared for freely sowing; and even if he get less than an Englishman for his first ventures, which is doubtful, he arrives more quickly at an assured position and income.

And regarding the matter on intellectual grounds, cheap circulation should improve the quality of fiction. First novels that were either dull or absurd, showing neither imagination, nor dramatic power, nor knowledge of society, nor even superficial acquaintance with human nature, as they would drop still-born, would seldom be followed up. There, again, we may turn to the experience of France. Too many of the French novels may be morally bad, but most of them are tolerable good artistically, or at any rate are decidedly above the average of the English standard. Nor is that only to be attributed to the survival of the fittest in the keen struggle for place. The Frenchman plans and writes in absolute freedom, while the unfortunate Englishman, hampered by the imperative conventionalities, must extend or contract his work to the three-volume form. Sometimes he must pull up with a premature conclusion, after spinning out his episodes through his second volume; more often he makes his half-baked bricks without straw. Not to speak of the other exigencies on which I have remarked already, when he hopes to prelude by publication in the monthlies or weeklies, genius or even respectable talent can never step out freely in curb and bearing-rein. While, to go back to the grand point of advertising, since these cheap publications would advertise themselves, as in France, we should be saved the indispensable ex-

penses which cut into profits, like the mortgages on the rental of an embarrassed landlord.

My belief is that cheap publication would pay, while it would raise the average quality of fiction. Of course, there is the very serious primary difficulty that it could only be fairly tried by a general agreement on the part of many of the publishers. And while the convictions or impressions of so many of them are against the change, any concert of the kind seems to be out of the question. But that the change must come sooner or later is shown by the recent drift in the direction of the shilling failures; and when it does come they must resign themselves to make the best of their long experience for the joint benefit of the authors and themselves.

ALEX. INNES SHAND.

From The Spectator.

#### THE BEASTS AND BIRDS OF THE LAW.

OUR old law-books contain for the curious a store of quaint and pleasant learning as to animals. We are inclined to think of all animals, as regards our rights over them and in them, in much the same manner. This was not the way with our forefathers, who recognized a complete hierarchy among the birds, beasts, and fishes. Minute points of law relating to them were serious matters, and Lord Coke, far too great a man, not only in force of intellect but in power of style and literary skill, to be dismissed as a mere pedant, thought it not below the dignity of his reports to devote six pages to the elaboration of the law in regard to swans. Of all Lord Coke's fine and subtle legal disquisitions, "The Case of Swans" (7 Rep.) stands easily first for charm and entertainment. A true pastoral in the law, its idyllic pleadings and arguments are a mine of strange and delightful knowledge to any student who is not afraid to tolerate what is useless and picturesque. The very title of the reports reads like a record from fairyland, "The Case of Swans, between the Queen and the Lady Joan Young." As introduction to the case, we are told how, upon the verdict of a jury, there were found in the mere at Abbotsbury, in the County of Dorset (the mere being one in which the great sea ebbed and flowed), to be five hundred swans, of which four hundred and ten were white, and ninety were cygnets; how a writ was directed to seize all the

white swans that were not marked; and how the sheriff returned that he had seized four hundred white swans. We must pass over the later pleadings, in which the Lady Joan showed her title through the abbot of Abbotsbury "to a game of white swans" "haunting" the mere or fleet, and get to what was resolved by the court, which was that, since "a swan is a royal fowl," "all white swans not marked, which have gained their natural liberty, and are swimming in an open and common river, might be seized to the king's use by his prerogative." In the judgment, another case of swans seems to have been quoted from the Year-book, where two further very important points were resolved, namely, "that he who hath a game of swans may prescribe that his swans may swim within the manor of another," and "that a swan may be an estray, and so cannot any other fowl." Proud bird! he alone, of flying things, can be led off by the waywarden, or the head borough or constable, and lodged within the village pound. Yet another case is mentioned from the old reports,—that of "the Lord Strange and Sir John Charleton against three," in which we are told how one of the defendants, fully alive to the idyllic and pastoral possibilities of the situation, began his pleadings by a count "that the water of the Thames runs through the whole realm." With such a gallant style of getting to an issue, Lord Coke, of course, must have been in full sympathy; to help the weaker brethren, however, he naively remarks, "And in the same case, it is said that the truth of the matter was that the Lord Strange had certain swans which were cocks, and Sir John Charleton certain swans which were hens, and they had cygnets between them." Therefore, we are told, they joined in one action for the cygnets, since by the common law they belonged to them equally. It must be remembered that this would not have been the case with any other animals, since in all other cases our law, following the Roman law, makes the offspring of animals belong solely to the owner of the mother. "And the law thereof," Lord Coke proceeds, "is founded on a reason in nature; for the cock-swan is an emblem or representation of an affectionate and true husband to his wife above all other fowls; for the cock-swan holdeth himself to one female only, and for this cause nature hath conferred on him a gift beyond all others; that is, to die so joyfully that he sings sweetly when he dies; and, therefore, this case of the

swan doth differ from the case of kine or other brute beasts." The concluding observations of the case affect animals generally, and notice the punishment for one who steals a marked swan out of an open and common river,—a form of punishment which we shall have to treat of more at length below.

To find another case of birds thus eloquently argued and adjudicated on, we must come to comparatively modern times. In the year 1824, at Westminster, the case of *Hannam v. Mockett* (2 B. C., and 936) was tried before Bayley, J. An older reporter would undoubtedly have termed it "The Case of Rooks." The pleadings, if not quite so idyllic as in "The Case of Swans," are not unworthy of the subject, especially in so degenerate an age as the reign of George IV. The declaration shows how the plaintiff had had a close of land with trees growing in it, and how "divers great numbers of rooks had been and were used and accustomed to resort there;" how the defendants, wrongfully and maliciously intending to drive away the rooks, "caused divers guns" to be discharged near the said close; how "with the noise of the discharging of the said guns and the smell of the said gunpowder" the defendant drove away the rooks, "insomuch that divers, to wit one thousand, rooks, which before that time had been used and accustomed to resort, etc., flew away and abandoned the said close and trees and the nests built therein, and wholly forsook the same, and divers, to wit one thousand, other rooks that were then about to resort to and settle in and upon the said close and trees, were thereby prevented from so doing." Then follows a second account, in which "the smell of the said gunpowder" is omitted, and the rookery is termed "a vivary," and a few other trifling alterations are made; but in which the thousand rooks which flew away, and the thousand which were intending to have come, figure again in all the pomp and circumstance of special pleading. The judgment of Bayley, J., is exhaustive and conclusive, though, unfortunately, against the rooks. Not only does it appear that it is allowable to frighten them with "the smell of gunpowder," but it is therein shown that no less than three statutes of the realm have been directed to their destruction. In the preamble of the Statute 24 Henry VIII., cap. 10, "An Act to destroy choughs, crows, and rooks," the very hardest things are said against them (among others that they are "noyous

fowls"); and by the Statute 8 Elizabeth, cap. 15, the villages are obliged to raise a sum of money for the purpose of destroying them, *1d.* being required to be paid for "the heads of three old crows, choughs, pies, or rooks, or of six young ones, or for six eggs." But the birds by no means exhaust the law's resources of information as to the animal world. It has much to tell us as to the beasts of forest, of warren, and of chase, — so much, indeed, that the subject demands a special study. Still, we cannot omit the delightful description of a forest from Manwood's "Forest Laws," as "a certain Territory or Circuit of woody Grounds and Pastures known in its Bounds and privileges, for the peaceable being and abiding of wild Beasts, and Fowls of Forests, Chase, and Warren, to be under the King's Protection for his Princely delight; replenished with Beasts of Venary or Chase, and great Coverts of Vert for Succour of the said Beasts." All subtleties of law connected with the deer and the lawing of dogs — mastiffs and tumblers (a dog so called because he was trained to tumble down and appear to be dead, in order to let the smaller game of the forest come within his reach) must, however, be passed unnoticed here.

There is a case, *Grymes v. Shock*, reported in *Cro. Jac. I.*, 262, which, as is the manner of those tantalizing reports, leaves a great deal too much to the imagination. The head-note, however, is delightfully suggestive, and opens up a long and enticing vista. "An action for trover and conversion of one hundred musk-cats and sixty monxies." If the property in dispute had been brought into court, the monkeys and musk-cats caparisoned in scarlet and led in couples, the effect would indeed have been picturesque. The courts seemed to have been much occupied at this time in dealing with what Blackstone calls "beasts which are kept for pleasure, curiosity, or whim, as dogs, bears, cats, apes, parrots, and singing-birds" (a series which recalls the famous "bears and other singing-birds" of the Cambridge Statutes); and we find in Hale's "Pleas of the Crown" a notice of the liability of the owners for such beasts. Hale has been treating of dangerous beasts in general, and how an ox that killed a man was itself executed, and he goes on to say, "Though he have no particular notice that he did any such thing before, yet if it be a beast that is *feræ nature*, as a lion, bear, or wolf, yea, an ape or monkey, if he get loose and do harm to any person the owner is

liable to an action for damages, and so I knew it adjudged in Andrew Baker's case, whose child was bit by a monkey that broke his chain and got loose." Those who had the privilege of listening to Mr. Frederick Pollock's delightful lectures on torts in the hall of the Inner Temple, will not fail to remember how he used this remark of Hale's, and another fragment of such lore concerning "the reasonable pig," to instruct and charm his class. The "reasonable pig" figures in a very amusing case, that of *Child v. Hearn*, reported in 9 *Exh.*, 176, — a case which two centuries ago would infallibly have won the name of "The Case of Swine." In this case, as in "The Case of Swans," the learned judge, though, as only natural in these degenerate days, somewhat half-heartedly, laid down from the bench certain dicta as to the habits and moral qualities of pigs. The facts were simple enough. Certain pigs, described as "25 s. pigs," trespassed on a railway, having broken through the fence, and while on the line upset a platelayer's trolley and injured the platelayer. Lord Bramwell, then one of the barons of the exchequer, at one point in his judgment approached the subject of "reasonable pigs" with an earnestness of purpose almost worthy of the subject. For instance, when he lays it down that "the strength of swine is such that they would break through almost any fence if there were a sufficient inducement on the other side," and proceeds to give what is a binding definition of the pig, which must reasonably be fenced against as "a pig not of a peculiarly wandering disposition nor under any excessive temptation," we feel that a distinct contribution is being made to our knowledge of beasts from authoritative sources. It is curious to notice that in "The Case of Swine," as in "The Case of Swans," poetical quotation is made use of to support legal doctrine, — as to pigs from Ben Jonson, and as to swans from the Georgics.

In the case of *Guesh v. Mynns* (*Cro. Jac. I.*, 321), we have some light thrown on the way in which the law regards a badger. The action was for trespass, and the defendant justified that "upon a report that a vermin called a badger was found there, *ad damnum inhabitantium*, by reason whereof he uncoupled his hounds and hunted there, and found the badger, and chased him until he unearthed him in the place where, and thereupon dragged the ground, and took the badger and killed him, and afterwards



stopped up the earth again." The court said, in giving judgment, that since the common law "warrants the hunting of such ravenous beasts of prey in another man's lands," the hunting of the badger was good; but that the digging him out was quite another matter and illegal, and so the plaintiff had judgment on his demurrer.

If our readers wish to refer to the cases themselves at length, and to find the beasts of the law in fresh pastures, they have only to look up the cases that deal with sport and hunting, with heriots and the taking of the best beast, with what are "commonable beasts," and with what are "levant and couchant," and they will find full occupation for their leisure. Let us draw attention also to the fact that a special study of the position of the cat in our law is a work that calls loudly for the student. The cat, as we know him now, is little better than a sort of common third party, sought to be joined by the housemaid or lodging-house-keeper in all domestic actions concerning the breaking of china, or the loss of "coals, umbrellas, brandy," tea, or legs of mutton. In our ancient law very different was his position. "Among our elder ancestors the Antient Britons," says Blackstone (Com. II., 4) "cats were looked upon as creatures of intrinsic value, and the killing or stealing of one was a grievous crime, and subjected the offender to a fine, especially if it belonged to the king's household, and was the *custos horrei regii*, for which there was a peculiar forfeiture." The fortunate cat that held the office of *warden of the royal barn* was thus protected by the law: "If any one shall kill or bear away by theft the cat which is warden of the royal barn, it shall be hung up by the tip of its tail, its head touching the floor, and over it shall be poured out grains of wheat until the last hairs of its tail shall be covered by the grain." This curious amercement is the same as that which, in "The Case of Swans," was still held to be by law the proper punishment for any one who stole a swan. This custom goes very far back indeed; perhaps it is a primitive Aryan custom. Our readers will doubtless remember that it is on this custom that in the Volsung Saga turns the whole story of the doom of the gold. When the Ances killed Otter, his father Rodmar demanded as a *Wergild* enough gold to cover his son's body hung up by the tail in the same way. To get this gold, Loki had finally to rob the dwarf Andwari of all his hoard, and thus brought down a

doom upon all possessors of the gold, which had been cursed by its own last owner. Alas! the cat in our own day has fallen from his high estate. He is not the subject of larceny at common law, and his stealing can only be punished under a very recent statute. This, however, he has left him, — "The master of a ship freighted with goods which are the subject of depredation by rats is bound to have cats on board, or he cannot charge the insurer." Let us remind our readers, before parting with them, of that description of those "qualities of the elephant which every Parliament man ought to have," which, first noticed in the rolls of Parliament, was quoted in the House of Commons by Cardinal Beaufort; commented on and amplified by Lord Coke by the suggestion of two other qualities; and finally enshrined by the Bishop of Chester in that great work which, when the aroma of its learning has faded, will still keep its place in historical literature because of the noble and enduring qualities of its style.

From Good Words.

#### THE TEMPLARS.

BY J. A. FROUDE.

#### SECOND PAPER.

As time went on, and the first enthusiasm passed away, the Templars became a political and spiritual force in the European system. The grand master took rank among the peers in the councils of princes, and in ordinary times he had the command of the military defence of Palestine. The kingdom of Jerusalem was never the stablest of monarchies; but even the Saracens were sometimes exhausted. There were intervals of truce, intervals of peace; negotiations and treaties had to pass between the Christian and Moslem powers. The conduct of these negotiations fell to the Templars, and between them and the Saracens there grew up some kind of acquaintance. Having their home in the East they got to know the Eastern character. It was alleged afterwards that in this way their faith became corrupted. Scott has taken this view in his character of Sir Brian. Whether it was so or not I shall consider by-and-by. Nothing to their discredit can be concluded from the fact of the intercourse, because it was inevitable. Nor was any suspicion of the kind ever



breathed till the eve of their fall. All that appears for certain is that, being soldiers, they became statesmen as well, and the general experience is that soldiers make very good statesmen. Only this is to be observed, that they became more closely connected with the popes, and the popes with them. For the first thirty years they were subject to the patriarchs of Jerusalem, and secular priests, under the patriarchs' authority, heard their confessions and said mass for them. As a reward for their services the popes relieved them from the patriarchs' jurisdiction, and took them specially to themselves. They were exempted from all authority except that of Rome. No bishop anywhere was allowed to interfere with them. Instead of secular priests they were permitted to have chaplains of their own, ordained by bishops, but subject, after their introduction, to the rule of the Temple only. They were entirely isolated from all the other regulars. No brother of the Temple might leave it and become a Benedictine; and the more separate they became the ampler the privileges which the popes seemed delighted to heap upon them. Many thousands of them by this time were spread over Europe. Their lands were released from tithe; no priest or bishop's officers could levy tax or rate on a Templar's manor, while the Templars on their side might take the tithe which the priests looked on as their own. No prelate, no prince even, might put a Templar on his oath, or call on him for any feudal service. Popular as they had been at the beginning, the extraordinary favor with which the popes honored them began to be looked on with jealousy and resentment. And they had another privilege of an extraordinary kind, peculiarly irritating to the bishops, and even to the Benedictines and Cistercians, who thought that if conferred on one order it should have been conferred on all. Those who are acquainted with the state of Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries know generally what an interdict meant. When any country or province was under an interdict the churches were closed, the church services were suspended; the young could not get married, the sick could not be absolved, the dead could not be buried in consecrated ground, but lay in ditches like dogs; human life stood suspended as if under a horrible curse. You may think so frightful a sentence was only issued on extraordinary occasions. On the contrary, it was the bishop's universal weapon, the instrument of his power, the unfailing fountain

of his revenue, for an interdict once issued was not easily raised till every person in the province had bled for it. When bishops and nobles quarrelled, when archbishops quarrelled with bishops, or quarrelled with their flocks, they launched their interdicts like thunderbolts, striking whole districts without discrimination. To the astonishment and rage of these great persons the manors of the Templars were made a land of Goshen, which the plague could not touch. Nor was this all; but wherever any Templar went on business of the order — once a year, at any rate — the interdict was suspended, the church bells rung out, the sacraments were dispensed to the flocks, the bodies of the dead could be laid peacefully in hallowed graves. It was even believed, so bitter was the animosity, that individuals who were excommunicated were allowed to confess and receive absolution in the Templars' chapels.

Thus protected, thus curtained round with exemptions and securities, it is not to be wondered at that if their rival clergy looked askance at the Templars, they came to think considerably of themselves. They were dangerous from their military strength; they owed allegiance to no earthly power, secular or spiritual, except the pope's. To the popes they owed their position, and in those long conflicts between the see of Rome and the kings and emperors they repaid the papacy by standing by it in all its quarrels. Princes feared them, bishops hated them for their independence, the clergy envied their liberties. They cared little; they were rich, they were strong; their persons were sacred. Being regarded so doubtfully, it is very remarkable that for the two centuries during which they were in their vigor, and down to the moment of their fall, you rarely find anywhere in the contemporary monastic writers any moral scandals reported of them. Giraldus Cambrensis and others are never weary of drawing pictures of the gluttony and sensuality in the monasteries. Abbots and priors, if you can believe what is told by them, were wrapped often in the seven deadly sins, and bishops were often not much better. But there is a curious silence about the Templars. They are credited invariably with desperate courage in the field. They are hardly ever, that I remember, accused of being false to their vows, and, undoubtedly, if there had been notorious ground for scandal we should have heard enough of it. For we do hear complaints of them of another kind, complaints of them as

laymen, encroaching on churchmen's functions, and of their overbearing ways. Now and then they were rebuked, even by the popes, for overstraining their privileges. Very generally, indeed, you find remarks upon their haughty bearing. They had the double loftiness in them of churchmen and warriors, loftiness too great when single, when double past endurance. You see it in all their actions, you see it in the lines of those recumbent figures in the Temple Church, lines fashioned by the habitual tone of their thoughts, and perpetuated in stone by the artist who had seen and known them.

King Richard (our *Cœur de Lion*) being sick once was attended by a French priest. The father spoke to him especially of three questionable daughters that he had, called Avarice, Sensuality, and Pride. Richard said, "I have disposed of those three you speak of. I have given my avarice to the Cistercians; I have given my sensuality —" It is a well-known story, but the authors differ on the recipient of this quality. Some say to the black friars, some to the bishops, some to the clergy. I fear the variety implies that it fitted with each of them; but all agree on the last, that he gave his pride to the Templars.

Proud they were, but with the pride of a soldier. Always on the testimony of their worst enemies, wherever there was fighting to be done with the infidel the Templars were in the thickest of it. No man ever knew a Templar a coward. Again and again in Palestine, when their ranks were thin and the Saracens hemmed them round in thousands, the Templars stood till the last man of them fell on the field, or fell afterwards for his faith if carried off a wounded prisoner. Such fighting was rarely or never seen among the bravest men that ever lived.

In 1187, when Saladin destroyed the Christian army near the Lake of Genesareth, the wood of the true cross which they had with them fell into Saladin's hands, and the grand master of the day and a number of the knights were taken prisoners. Saladin admired their daring. He would have made them princes of his own empire if they would have changed their creed; they all refused, and were all slain.

Yet the kings did not like them; they were always too true to the popes. The Templars were a thorn in the side of *Cœur de Lion*. They were a thorn in the side of the great Frederick the Second of Germany. I need not go through the de-

tails of their history. The kingdom of Jerusalem lasted but eighty-seven years; Saladin then took it, and the Templars built themselves a great feudal castle in a pass through the mountains near Acre, where they continued to protect the pilgrims. Pilgrim's Castle was the name of it — a palatial fortress like old Windsor, vast, stern, and splendid. Here henceforth were the head quarters of the order. Here the grand master held his chapters and ruled as a sovereign; hither came the fresh draughts of knights from the European preceptories. Rich as they were, the austere severity of their habits never seems to have been relaxed. Their wealth was all expended upon the wars; they were powerful, but they stood apart from all other men, loved by few and feared by all. They had no personal ties; they had no national ties; their nation was the Catholic Church; their chief was the Holy Father, and his enemies were theirs. They were in France, in England, in Scotland, in Spain, but they were not French, or English, or Scots, or Spaniards. They rarely mixed in any national struggles, and only when the pope's interests were concerned — as, for instance, when they supported the legate, Pandulf, against King John. From the nature of the case, therefore, they could take no root in the national life anywhere. They were maintained only by the surviving enthusiasm for the Crusades, and the unquestioned constancy with which they upheld the Cross against the Crescent. Yet even in Palestine they were watched with jealousy. They knew the country. From long experience they knew the Arab nature; and they had become prudent. If left to themselves, they would have made peace with the Soldans; they could have secured the neutralism of Jerusalem, and a peaceful access to it for the pilgrims. But when they advised anything of this kind, they were accused of treacherous correspondence with the enemy, and had to wipe the charge out by fresh acts of desperate gallantry. They would have saved the army of St. Louis in Egypt in the last fatal Crusade, but their advice was not taken. They were suspected of bad faith. Sir William of Sonnac, the grand master, when he could not be listened to in the council of war (one of his eyes had been dashed out in battle the day before, and the socket was still bleeding), cried out, "Beaucéant to the front! The army is lost. Beaucéant and death!" He and all his comrades fell sword in hand.

Surely those Templars were an extraordinary form of human beings; loved they could not be; they were anomalous, suited only to an anomalous state of things, yet some way admirable too, for, whatever else they were, they could never have entered such an institution for their own pleasure. Dangers were gathering about them towards the end of the thirteenth century. Their lands were sometimes plundered, and the law was slow to help them. Bishops, in spite of Rome and its orders, now and then excommunicated individual Templars, and a pope had to issue another angry bull to protect them. Kings began to think that they were too rich and to covet some of their treasures. Our Henry III. told the grand preceptor of England that they had been indulged too much, and that he must have money out of them. The Templars answered coldly that the king spoke as one that was not wise, and that it might cost him his throne. It was their own existence that was in peril, not the crown's, if they had known the truth of their position.

The meaning of them was as a garrison for Palestine. Their strength was the service which they were rendering in the cause of the Crusades; and the Crusades and all that they had accomplished were now coming to an end.

The campaign of St. Louis in Egypt was the last serious effort. After the defeat of St. Louis on the Nile, the Crusading spirit died away. The fortresses which the Christians held in the Holy Land fell one by one, and at last, after two hundred years of fighting, nothing was left of their conquests except the town of Acre and the country for a few miles round. The management of the defence rested on the Templars. The European princes had professed to maintain a garrison in Acre independent of them, but in 1289 the Templars had to report that the garrison was a mere company of vagabonds, ill fed and unpaid, and a universal nuisance. There had been a peace of several years with the Saracens, but the Acre soldiers plundered the country indiscriminately. The Saracens could get no redress. They declared war again, and this time they meant to rally all their strength and drive the Christians finally out. They came down on Acre with one hundred and fifty thousand men. The grand master took the command of the miserable troops there, but against such a force he could do nothing. Pilgrim's Castle was evacuated and destroyed;

Acre was taken by storm; out of his own five hundred Templars ten only escaped; the garrison was destroyed, and the Holy Land from one end to the other was once more in the hands of the successors of Mahomet. The ten surviving Templars, with a few of the Hospitallers, escaped to Cyprus, which our Richard had taken one hundred years before. They chose a new grand master, Jacques de Molay, who was to prove their last. They refilled their ranks; they had saved their treasury, and they renewed the war in Syria. But it was the feeble flicker of a dying flame. The mission of the Templars in the East was over. They held their vast estates for a purpose which was no longer a reality, and it became a question what was to be done with them.

In Europe they were still strong and formidable, and to one of the great parties into which Europe was divided they could still be extremely serviceable. The popes and the great powers of Europe had not yet settled their long differences. The successor of St. Peter still pretended to be the universal sovereign. Boniface VIII. was as firm a champion of the pretensions of the Roman see to universal sovereignty as the boldest of his predecessors. As the military orders were no longer required in Palestine, Boniface perhaps conceived that they could be employed no better than as soldiers of the Church at home. He proposed, as Innocent III. had proposed before, to unite the three military orders — Templars, Hospitallers, and the Teutonic Knights — into a single body. Could he succeed, he might then keep them as a sword in his own hand, to bring princes to order, who, like Frederick II. of Germany, were not afraid of excommunication.

It was a daring scheme, and worthy of the head which designed it. If carried out, it might have changed the face of Europe. The smaller orders must have been absorbed in the stronger, and the new organization would have been simply the Templars enlarged. The Holy See could count with certainty on their allegiance. Like the Jesuits, they had renounced all natural ties; they had no nation but the Church, and, like the Jesuits also, they had been trained in habits of unquestioning obedience. Their exceptional privileges were a retaining fee. They could keep these privileges only by the pope's favor and in virtue of the fear which the pope still inspired in the bishops and clergy of the national Churches. No temptation could be offered them

which could induce them to waver in their dependence, and it is quite possible that if the popes could have secured to themselves the service of so strong an arm the theocratic despotism of the Gregories and the Innocents might have been fixed for some centuries longer on the kingdoms of Western Christendom.

Whether such a despotism would have been good for mankind is another question. If the popes were infallibly wise, or infallibly good, or if they were wiser and better than the civil authorities; if, under their rule, with the Templars to help them, the poor man would have found more justice and the wrong-doer have been made to smart more surely for his sins, I, for one, am not so much in love with liberty but that I could have wished the popes better success than they found. We ought to welcome, all of us, the rule and authority of those who have more knowledge of what is right and good than ourselves.

If it was so; but the "if" is the difficulty. We cannot be sure of this supreme excellence of the popes — at least some of us cannot. The intellectual revolt was only beginning, but wherever Albigenses or other speculative people were thinking for themselves, the popes had betaken themselves already to sword and faggot. As to morals, princes might be wilful and ambitious, and barons harsh, and law courts venal; but prelates, too, could be overbearing, and the Church courts were no purer than the civil courts. And every mediæval chronicler, every monastic annalist, is forever declaiming at the avarice and rapacity of Rome.

If the popes had reason for wishing to keep the military orders for their Janissaries, the French and English kings and the German emperor might reasonably enough also regard such an arrangement with alarm.

I have the greatest admiration for the poor brothers of the Temple. The fate which overtook them was as undeserved as it was cruel. But nature, or Providence, or the tendencies of things, do as a fact sweep away obstacles which stand in the way of human development. Institutions may long survive their usefulness; but they are taken away when they become actively mischievous. One could only wish that the process of taking them away was not so often tainted with a violent injustice which blinds us to the necessity of their removal.

Their proper work was gone. If work was to be found for them in the future it

was to be as the armed hand of the papacy. But the Hildebrand theory of things was near its close also. The struggle between the popes and the temporal princes was to end in a compromise. The popes were to have the shadow, or the spiritual supremacy; the civil powers were to have the substance, and thus for such a body as the Templars there was no place left. The kings in Europe intended to be sovereign, each in his own dominions. The Templars were, or might be, in the way. They had vast revenues, which, now that the war in the East was over, they would be free to use for other aims and ambitions. The national bishops and clergy resented their arrogance, and were jealous of their immunities. In some way or other the kings would find it necessary to suppress them. But it was no easy task. They were brave, they were noble; as soldiers they were the best organized in Europe. They were careless of death, and as long as they had the popes at their back it was quite certain that they would not fall without a struggle, while the popes could not in honor consent to the abolition of an order whose only crime was too great fidelity to the Holy See. It was accomplished by making the Templars the victims of an extraordinary accusation, which was intended to render them odious to mankind, and the story is one of the most curious in mediæval history.

As a rule I think it unwise to attempt to go behind the legal verdicts of distant ages. As a rule those who have been convicted of great crimes were probably guilty of them. Men have different ways of arriving at truth, but it is generally truth which they aim at, and so many circumstances are known to contemporaries of which posterity is absolutely ignorant, that it argues some presumption in posterity when it reviews confidently contemporary judgments. But the process of the Templars was peculiar. It was considered violent even in a violent age. The details are preserved almost to the smallest particulars, and are worth examining, if only as a picture of the manners of the time.

The French king at that time was Philippe le Bel — Philip the Beautiful — one of the most remarkable sovereigns that France ever had. His daughter we know of as Edward II.'s queen — *she-wolf*, as the poet Gray calls her. The parent wolf was born in 1268. He became king at sixteen. He fell early into wars with England and Burgundy, extended his frontiers, drilled into subjection his own vassals.



He then quarrelled, on the old grounds of the papal pretensions, with Pope Boniface VIII. He had required a subsidy from his clergy. The pope forbade them to pay. Philip answered with calling the pope a fool, changing your "Holiness" into your "fatuity." Boniface excommunicated Philip. Philip burnt the bull as boldly as Luther. He denounced Boniface as a heretic, made war upon him, and took him prisoner. The poor pope died three days after, it was said of rage and mortification. Philip had been swift; Napoleon was not quicker in his movements. The Templars had supplied Boniface with money. They had not time to help him with arms. Boniface's successor, Benedict X., made peace on Philip's own terms. The French clergy were made to give him all that he wanted. The Templars appealed to their privileges; but they, too, had to submit under protest. The king was master of the situation, and meant to make the most of his victory. Benedict X. reigned only for a year. The majority in the College of Cardinals was French. They chose after him the French Archbishop of Bordeaux, who was to reside in France, and could be made to do the king's bidding. Archbishop Bertrand became pope at the beginning of 1305, under the name of Clement V.

So much for the position, which I have merely sketched in outline.

The Templars had no suspicion of their danger, and that no hint of it reached them is a proof how few friends they could have had. In outward respect they stood high as ever. No scandal had been breathed against them. Their churches were the admiration of Europe. Faithful as they were to their salt, they had never so much as dreamed that the master whom they had served so loyally could betray them. What could they have to fear? And yet it got abroad somehow that the king would be well pleased if evidence could be found of the Templars' misconduct, and when evidence is wanted, especially if it will be well paid for, sooner or later it will be forthcoming.

In the Temple, as in other bodies, there were black sheep. Knights or servants of the order now and then broke the rules, and had to be punished, and, if incorrigible, to be expelled. At the accession of Clement V. there were two knights thus degraded, in prison, at Toulouse; one of them Esquin von Florian, who had been prior of Montfaucon, and the other with the unusual name of Noffodei. These men, after their expulsion, had been en-

gaged in some conspiracy at Paris, and were under sentence of death. They informed the governor of the gaol that they could possess the king of a secret which would be worth another realm to him, and that if their lives were spared they would reveal it. They were sent up to the court; Philip examined them himself and they made the following singular statement:—

1. Every Templar on his admission to the order swore to defend it for his life long, in all causes, just or unjust without exception.

2. The chiefs of the order corresponded with the Saracens, and were more like Mahometans than Christians. The novices were required to spit upon the cross, and trample on it, and deny Christ.

3. Any one suspected of intending to betray the secrets of the order was murdered and secretly buried.

4. The Templars despised the sacraments. They worshipped idols, and were heretics.

5. They committed unnatural crimes. Their houses were nests of vice and profligacy.

6. They betrayed the Holy Land, and lived without fear of God.

These were the chief articles of a long list. There were many others; such as incest, worship of the devil under various forms, etc., etc.

It is certainly strange that if the Templars were so horribly depraved no whisper of their enormities should hitherto have gone abroad. It is strange that, as all the members knew of these things, they should have ventured to expel any member who could so easily betray them. If they killed every one that they suspected of letting out their secrets, it is strange that they should have allowed the knights to confess to secular priests outside the order, as it is certain that in the absence of their own chaplains they habitually did.

The king took down the depositions, and, without going into the particulars of them, wrote privately to the pope. On the 24th of August, 1305—the dates are important—the pope replied that it was a singular story. The king's letter was so positive, however, and the persons who had brought the letter to him were so positive, also, that he supposed it must be true. It seemed, however, that some rumor of the matter had by this time reached the Templars themselves. The pope added that the grand master and the preceptors had also written to him, allud-



ing to the accusations, and begging him to examine into them. This he would do, and would inform the king of the result.

This would have been fair enough, but for some reason it did not suit Philip's purpose. He sent the pope the depositions themselves. The inquiry was not proceeded with. The whole matter was allowed to drop for a year; and the next thing which we find is a confidential and affectionate letter from the pope to the grand master, who was in Cyprus, written in the following summer. Not a word was said in it about the accusations. The pope seemed to have forgotten them. He merely told the grand master that he wished to consult him about various subjects of great consequence — the condition of the East, the prospects of the Crusades, and the general state of Christendom. He therefore begged De Molay to come to him in France as soon as he could, and to bring with him such of the knights as he had most dependence on.

De Molay clearly had no suspicion. He was under the impression that the headquarters of the Templars were to be transferred from Cyprus to France. They had a grand palace in Paris. The site of it still bears the old name, and the palace itself was the prison of the royal family in the Revolution. Thither came De Molay, and he brought with him the chest, or chests, of the order — twelve mules' load of gold and silver. The king received him with the proper courtesies. There was no sign of displeasure. The treasure was put away in the Templars' vaults. The pope was at Poitiers. De Molay and the preceptors went to him, and had a long friendly conversation with him. The union of the orders was certainly the subject of part of it, and De Molay was less cordial about the union than perhaps Clement wished. This was at the end of 1306, nearly two years after the two knights had told their story. All was outwardly smooth. The winter went by. In the spring there were once more rumors in the air which made De Molay uneasy. In April, 1307, he went again to the pope, taking the four French preceptors with him, and spoke very earnestly about it. The pope listened with apparent satisfaction, and dismissed them as if perfectly assured that the accusations were baseless.

Again one asks, was all this treachery? — was it a plan agreed upon between the pope and the king to put the Templars off their guard, to seize the treasure, and get into their power the persons of the grand

master and the leading knights? That certainly was the effect. Such a plot, supposing it real, might be defended if the charges against the Templars were true. They were most formidable. Had they been alarmed, and had their chief been at large, they could perhaps have set the king at defiance. At least they could not have been suppressed without desperate bloodshed. But all turns on the truth of the charges, or the king's sincere belief in them.

Even kings and popes are seldom deliberately and consciously wicked. But they have a power of convincing themselves of what they wish to believe. The pope was afraid of Philip, and wished to please him. The Templars had really become an anomaly. They were a danger to the State. Philip might legitimately wish to bring the order to an end. From a wish to end them to a conviction of their crimes the step would be short in a politic ruler's mind. Politics are a corrupting trade.

Any way, the Templars were lulled into absolute security. They were spread all over France in their various houses. At the beginning of October this same year, 1307, the king sent a secret order round the provinces for their universal and simultaneous arrest. Not a whisper was allowed to reach them. They had lived in friendless and haughty isolation. They had relied on the pope, and the pope had failed them. The only support which never fails — some legitimate place among the useful agencies of the time — this was wanting.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE SPITES OF RULERS.

WE were writing last week of the modern form of hero-worship, and of the power still remaining to individuals, and there is an untouched question connected with the subject which excites in us much curiosity. What is the extent of the influence of personalities, by which we mean personal likes and dislikes between sovereigns, ruling ministers, and ambassadors, in international affairs? We all know that personal feelings affect domestic politics, occasionally most seriously. History is full of the influence of "favorites" upon sovereigns, and it is a fact not easy to explain that this influence, admitted on all hands, should usually be so bad. There is no *a priori* reason why

the friend whom a king chooses — as, for example, James I. chose Buckingham — for his attractive qualities should not be also an able man, or why the pretty woman whom a king makes his mistress should so seldom be competent to advise well. Vicious men, and women too, are often clear-headed, as witness Mirabeau and Catherine II.; nor is it a necessity of the position that courtiers who are also favorites should be vicious. William III.'s favorite, Bentinck, was a man of the highest character, and though perhaps greedy of wealth, gave up his grants the moment the people murmured at his master's prodigality. Still, favorites have swayed the destiny of nations, and there can be little doubt that even now, especially in countries where monarchy is strong, personal favor or disfavor often greatly affects a minister's position. A sovereign or a premier can promote a man to whom he takes a fancy very rapidly if he pleases, and can bar the rise of a man he dislikes in a very effectual way. Prince Bismarck will not endure a man he dislikes in any great position, and we suspect that, in much more constitutional countries, men have been left out of cabinets, or admitted into them, out of sheer personal dislike or favor. George III., it is well known, once or twice confessed a motive of this kind when accepting or repelling a ministry; and Lord Melbourne's ascendancy was in part due to the deep and thoroughly deserved friendship of the queen. Personal feeling has often had much to do with secessions from a ministry, and we should fancy that when the memoirs of this reign are published we shall find that, even in the struggle before us, "incompatibility" had a good deal to do with political action. We do not quite see, indeed, how it should ever be otherwise. Somebody must choose the executive, and no man believes profoundly in the man he hates, or sees all the incompetence of the person he most cordially likes. Modern government, too, in constitutional countries, is a kind of partnership; and a politician, however disinterested, can hardly derive full aid from a colleague whom he personally detests, while he may obtain from a friend more help than the external world thinks the friend competent to afford. The friend may supply something wanting to the minister which nobody but the minister is aware of, and may thus be as invaluable to that minister as he seems useless to everybody else. The late Lord Lyveden had that charm for Lord Palmerston,

who always would put him in his cabinets, and, weak man as Lord Lyveden seemed to the House of Commons, the probabilities are ten to one that Lord Palmerston was right. He knew his own business pretty well, and had no earthly interest other than his interest as a statesman in always wanting to hear what Mr. Vernon Smith had to say in criticism of his plans. It is, however, waste of time to argue the point, for it is admitted on all hands. Enmity and friendship do affect domestic politics, and our question is whether they also affect external affairs. Do sovereigns and premiers and great ambassadors take resolves mainly dictated by enmity or liking for other sovereigns, premiers, or diplomatic colleagues?

The world says they do. The memoir-writers of his time all say that the emperor Paul altered the policy of the Russian court, and with it the fate of Europe, out of personal admiration for Frederick the Great, an admiration almost exactly like that of a monarch for a favorite. It had no root in policy, or in reflection of any kind, but seems to have been admiration pure and simple, like that of a schoolboy for the successful athlete of his school. Carlyle has recorded the consequences of the grotesque personal enmity which existed between King Frederick I. of Prussia and our own George II., an enmity which was like the hatred of two neighboring squires, and would, had they met, have resulted in all human probability in fisticuffs. The hatred borne by Queen Louise of Prussia to Napoleon ultimately affected all European history, as did, in a less degree, the personal dislike between Napoleon and Bernadotte, afterwards king of Sweden. The policy of Russia was deflected for years by the dislike of the emperor Nicholas for Louis Philippe; and the Crimean War might never have occurred, but that Sir Stratford Canning burned to punish the same emperor for refusing to receive him as ambassador, a refusal which "the great Eltchee" regarded as a slight, and kept in his memory for years. A second war between Germany and France was averted in part through the strong friendship between the emperor William and his nephew, Alexander II.; and the dislike of Prince Bismarck for Mr. Gladstone is said, perhaps falsely, to have repeatedly influenced his policy. At this moment, the peace of eastern Europe is believed to be seriously threatened because Alexander III. entertains what in a less exalted person would be called a personal spite against his Bul-

garian namesake, is determined that he shall not get on in the world, and would like, if he saw the means, to inflict on him some keenly felt personal humiliation. In truth, "if all the world" is right, personal likings and dislikes affect the fate of nations almost as much as they ever did, and in certain circumstances as much as any other single cause. But then, is all the world right? Outside a most limited circle, nobody knows exactly what the facts are, and the tendency of the world is to accept gossip as truth, as a relief to its own consciousness of ignorance. Still, it is not likely that so many stories should all be false, especially when there is no antecedent improbability in them. The sovereigns, it is true, never come into personal contact; but then, neither do the scholars, artists, and musicians who so often hate, and so frequently abuse, one another passionately. Not to mention that partisans constantly hate statesmen whom they never saw with fiery fervor, jealousy requires no contact, and may be just as strong between sovereigns or premiers as between any other persons struggling for high places in the esteem or liking or admiration of mankind. Sovereigns are inordinately jealous of precedence, and as sensitive to slight as women, while, though they seldom meet, they constantly hear of one another, and this as fully as members of the same family sometimes do. It is possible to have an acute dislike to a man in business without ever having seen him, more especially when, as in the Bulgarian and Russian case, the interests directly clash. The novelist who made Smith hate Brown because Brown was intercepting his claim to a great reversion, would not be considered to be devising improbabilities; and no reversion could be more splendid or more desired than the throne of Constantinople. If, as is possible, the czar sincerely believes that an inferior and pretentious person, "only one of those Battenbergs," is intriguing and fighting to gain that throne, and may gain it, it is quite probable that he regards him with an almost savage personal dislike. No doubt a king ought not, in the interest of his people, to indulge such feelings; but then, a king would not think so. It is the temptation of kings, as Mr. Sanford pointed out long ago, to identify themselves with their States, and therefore to think it patriotic to hate their personal foes. It is Russia, in the czar's feeling, which is injured, as well as himself, when Prince Alexander gives himself airs of such arrogant independence.

A modern king thinks he does enough in the way of self-restraint if he does not act on his hatred until it is politically, or, as he would say, patriotically, convenient. An ambassador would have precisely the same feeling as a king, his own quarrel being his country's quarrel in the same way, with this additional aggravation, that the ambassador will be more vain of his ability, and therefore be more wounded by any defeat. The king cannot be "wiggled" for getting defeated, and the ambassador can. Judging from history and analogy, we should say that the rulers of mankind were as much affected by likes and dislikes as they ever were, or as any other cultivated class now is, the only difference being in the extent of their power to help or injure. That is not little even now, for every king is a diplomatist, and diplomacy is a far-reaching business, with extensive ramifications. If France makes herself disagreeable about Newfoundland, one may be powerless to secure a monopoly of fishing rights on the coast of that island; but the retort may be delivered with great effect as far off as Peking. Indeed, so great are the opportunities, that unless a king or a foreign secretary is very sweet-natured indeed, or entirely indifferent to victory in his contests, the profession of itself must breed just a little malice. A nice little defeat, just where it will be felt, must seem sometimes so very like a well-conceived and well-deserved retort.

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From All The Year Round.  
IN HELIGOLAND  
IN THREE PARTS.

#### PART II.

EVEN in Hamburg, full though it was of novelty and interest, it was dull work sight-seeing alone; besides, I had not slept for forty-eight hours or more. Accordingly, having had a light tea at a little round table under the trees, I was glad enough to retire to bed, vainly endeavoring in my best German—which, as I soon discovered, bore no resemblance to the German spoken in Hamburg—to make the comely, sturdy-limbed chambermaid understand that my sheets were exceedingly damp; but I did succeed in getting a hot bottle to warm the bed, and passed my third sleepless night in a species of vapor-bath. The only course to be recommended under such circumstances

is to strip the sheets off and sleep between the blankets, as I did.

Pretty early the next morning I went on board the Heligoland steamer from a wharf nearly opposite the hotel, providing myself with a lovely-looking basket of pink and white wax-like strawberries. I soon found them to be a miserable delusion, having no more flavor than a turnip — characteristic, I discovered, of Hanse Town strawberries. The weekly steamer was very full, taking bathers over to Heligoland, June being the commencement of their season; but a lovely, fresh, sunny day after the gale, with smooth water, made the wide Elbe a much more attractive river than when, in the dawning light of the preceding day, we had made our way through the seventy odd miles of dangerous sandbanks and countless islets that obstruct its course, rendering the navigation so hazardous and perplexing. The Bremen shore is certainly not attractive, and there was an air of desolation on its banks, absent entirely from the Holstein side. Brunsbüttel, a well-situated town, commanding the Holstein side of the entrance to the Elbe, will in years to come be an important fortified place, should Prince Bismarck's project for a ship canal from Kiel to Brunsbüttel become an accomplished fact. It is nearly a straight course from where the canal would end, passing to the northward of the Great Merk bank out through the South Gat, past the new work island belonging to Hamburg, and the South Elbe light vessel, when you are in the open sea, and free from all danger. The proposed canal should therefore, if made, prove a great highway for ships of heavy draught from the Baltic, instead of the long and anxious passage through the great Belt and round the Skaw.

Cuxhaven (which comprises a town and a small tract of country belonging to Hamburg, and abstracted apparently at some period of its history from Bremen) is finely placed on the right bank of the Elbe; it is a clean, cheerful place, full of tall hotels and lodging-houses. The Austrian squadron still lay at anchor in the roads, composed of the Kaiser, a beautiful two-decker of the old school, carrying the flag of Vice-admiral Wullersdorf; the Schwartzenberg, a forty-four gun frigate, bearing signs in her battered hull, jury foremast, and generally dilapidated appearance, of the gallant fight she had made against the Danes off Heligoland, with the aged, tattered little flag of Rear-Admiral Tegetthoff at the mizzen; the Radetsky,

also a wooden frigate; Elizabeth, a paddle-steamer, and some small gun-boats. The Schwartzenberg was regarded by us all with the greatest enthusiasm, her many dangerous wounds being only just patched up till she could get into some friendly port to refit. She was indeed scarcely seaworthy.

Our steamer stopped nearly in the middle of the fleet, which was anchored in two lines. They had just fired a salute, and as the smoke rolled away I saw the Wolf outside them, whose salute of thirteen guns they had been returning. My eyes were still blinking and smarting from the gunpowder with which we were enveloped, when I saw a smart, well-known galley pulling towards us with ensign and pendant flying. I was soon discovered in my old brown gown, the miserable remains of a gale of wind and two days' seasickness. The Wolf had only just arrived from the Föhr Islands, had saluted the Hamburg flag flying at Cuxhaven, and that of the Austrian vice-admiral, and A—— had paid an especially interesting visit to the gallant and charming Admiral Tegetthoff in the absence of his senior admiral. Tegetthoff was keen, intelligent, valiant, and courteous. The fame that he afterwards attained was then in its infancy; but though vanquished in the action with the Danes, he had brought his crippled and wounded frigate out of the battle with flying colors.

Admiral Tegetthoff afterwards commanded at Lissa, in the first engagement of iron-clad *versus* wooden ships, and covered himself with glory, in marked contrast to the conduct of the Italian Admiral Persano.

It was to Tegetthoff that the Mexicans gave the dead body of their emperor Maximilian, whom they had invited by an influential majority to rule over them, and then, in the day of adversity, most shamefully led out to be shot; and it was he who bore it over the sea to Vienna, where they laid the hero to rest, passing by the dead man's lovely villa of Miramar in the Adriatic, which it had been better for him and his beautiful consort (still reigning in harmless imagination) had they never left. Tegetthoff died, deeply lamented, in 1871.

All those Austrian war-ships, lying so quietly at anchor in Cuxhaven, had something noticeable in their subsequent histories. The flagship Kaiser took a most prominent part in the battle of Lissa, but was so much damaged that she had to be run ashore to save her from sinking. The

Radetsky was blown up by an accident in 1869, with a loss of three hundred and forty lives; and it was the Elizabeth, under Tegetthoff, which bore the corpse of Maximilian home to the loving wife, who no longer watched and waited for his coming, but existed, carefully and affectionately guarded in the palace of Laeken where she was born, yet alive, but bereft of reason.

We were all so interested in the Austrian fleet and in the English corvette, that the signal for our steamer's departure on her voyage came only too soon. A few more words, a brief farewell—but not for long, as we hoped to meet at Heligoland in the course of a few days—and on we went past the treacherous sandbanks, in many cases hardly awash, that form a vast network for the protection of the great German river from foreign invasion, and also a breakwater from the fierce winds and mountainous waves of the stormy North Sea. These banks are, however, extremely dangerous to navigation during the oft-recurring fogs that settle down upon the low-lying shores of Holstein, many of them only being denoted in calm weather by a vast milky-white patch among the green water. Our captain mentioned that when going in and out of the North and South Elbe channel with several other vessels, outward and inward bound, their fog signals were quite distracting; you could not possibly tell which way they were heading, and collisions and groundings were very frequent. The passage from Cuxhaven, a distance of about forty miles, is made in four hours or thereabouts, and you are out of sight of land nearly the whole time.

Arrived at Heligoland you steam into the small harbor, something the shape of a stocking, between a low-lying sandy dune and the main island, which at a distance looks like a high red sand-rock, but, seen closer, reveals vast sea-worn caves and undermined pillars, rising straight out of the sea, like Old Harry and his Wife at Studland, Dorset, but still linked to the island. You are put ashore on a low sand-spit, where among the houses, huddled closely together, a general odor of fish-curing pervades the atmosphere. A long, winding flight of steps, somewhat resembling those at Clovelly, about one hundred and ninety in number, conveys you in a very limp condition from the *Unterland* to the top of the *Oberland*, which is as flat as a dining-table, without an undulation. These steps are worn by the busy feet of long generations into a rather un-

safe condition, but they must be mounted *volens volens*, as they are the sole means of communication with the fashionable part of the island. By the time I was half up, I longed for a grip of the tail of one of the clever little donkeys that mount the Clovelly steps so deftly; but there was no help for it, so on I went, conducted by my active and kindly host. Government House, whither I was bound—a low, sheltered, rambling, one-storied building—is firmly built on the land side, partly screened by a sturdy fence. Close to the garden stands a lighthouse, from the top of which coastguard men keep a bright lookout, landward and seaward.

A lovely view is obtained from here of the harbor, Sandy Island, the bathing establishment, nymphs disporting themselves (rendered unnecessarily unattractive, to say the least of it, by hideous bathing-gowns), and the reef beyond, all lying far below, like a map. Till the year 1720 this sandy dune was connected with the main rock, but the fierce gales of that stormy winter broke down the link, or what the Heligolanders called *de waal*, and about a mile of comparatively deep water now rolls between. A tradition still exists that Heligoland and Schleswig-Holstein were in former times joined together, and that many hundred years ago people walked from Holstein to Heligoland across the sands in a day. Old maps that I have seen in the island, extend the position of Sandy Island landward very considerably; and judging by the rapidity with which the sand dune has in one hundred and fifty years been encroached upon, the low sandbanks and unnavigable tracts of shallow water lying to the east of Heligoland may well have been dry land not so many hundred years ago without any great stretch of imagination.

I had been most kindly and hospitably received by the governor as I stepped ashore on the fishy little beach, and in his comfortable house was soon able to bathe and feed—the first solid food I had tasted since leaving the Thames. The governor had been many years in this cold northern isle. Speaking German like a native, suave, courtly, and taking a keen and kindly interest in the minutest details connected with his tiny though most important government, he was difficult indeed to replace, and his memory will live in the hearts and homes of these hard, rough Frieslanders for many long years to come.

Hardly had I bathed and rested before tremendous excitement began to be mani-



fested in the supposed warlike intentions of the Austrian squadron, which had suddenly got under weigh and steamed out of Cuxhaven about two hours after we had passed through them. Night found these large ships, each drawing about twenty-five feet of water, hovering about in the direction of the Danish islands of Föhr, upon whose possession they had serious designs. Two old Heligoland salts, who were North Sea pilots, mounted to the very topmost point of the lighthouse armed with antediluvian glasses that certainly did not improve their keen vision, opined that there was "no water in there for the two-decker," and she would certainly "take the ground." However, she did not, being no doubt well piloted. Late in the afternoon the Wolf was signalled from the lighthouse, and anchored in the North Bight off Heligoland, but in an exposed position; it was, however, convenient for getting under weigh suddenly, if any emergency arose. The holding-ground in the North Bight is not good, and in north-west winds it is a very rough and dangerous anchorage, with a rolling, mountainous sea. During the two nights I was crossing in the steamer from England it blew so hard that the Wolf, which was at anchor, had steam up, both anchors down, the sheet anchor ready, and a double-reefed spanker, when the weather-tide made, to keep her bow to the sea. A — went off in their best Heligoland boat, manned with six oars, treble-banked (*i.e.*, eighteen men), who were only just able to pull her through the laboring sea, and put him on board; and this was in the height of summer. They spoke of the long winter gales as something terrible in strength and duration, rendering life on the island much like that on a stranded ship or a half-tide rock.

For the next three weeks most of the Wolf's time was spent in cruising between the island and the mainland, and especially in the vicinity of the Föhr Islands, which were actually in sight from the top of the Heligoland lighthouse. On one occasion the corvette hove to off the Seesand Beacon, the chief entrance to that bewildering labyrinth of sandbanks surrounding Föhr. On becoming aware of her approach, the Danish commander, Hanmer, a most gallant man, came out in a shallow-draught steamer to meet the Wolf, full of hope that she had arrived with offers of succor, and was accordingly much downcast at no prospect being held out to him of assistance from England. He had plenty to do, having but six row gunboats to defend all these islands, to-

gether with about three hundred men. But little chance remained, therefore, of his being able to defend them successfully against a powerful enemy in possession of the whole coast, with a squadron ready to pounce upon them from Cuxhaven hard by. Their chief security lay in the dangerous navigation surrounding the islands and the extreme shallowness of the water. In more peaceful times the Föhr Islands, easily accessible from either Hamberg or Kiel, would be for Englishmen a new and most interesting travelling-ground; they have been, with Heligoland, the resort of multitudes of bathers from all parts of Austria and Germany for many years. There is a fine lighthouse on the northern island of Sylt, but I think it was unlighted during the war in 1864. The Germans showed their customary astuteness by just including this large island in their rectified frontier, as it is worth all the others put together.

Between the sea-going trips our diversions were cricket-matches between the two ships; luncheons on board the Wolf or her consort the Salamis; and in becoming violently excited when any movement was discerned among the combined squadrons. So long as they continued within sight all was well, but if they disappeared for a day or two the worst was anticipated. We had great hopes that the Danes would have come out to seek another engagement with the Austro-Prussian squadron, in which case we could have witnessed a glorious sea fight in comfort and security from the top of the island lighthouse; but it appeared not to be convenient so far to meet our views, for notwithstanding countless false alarms, no Deenes (Friesian for Danes) were seen during our visit.

Heligoland, or in ancient spelling Helgoland, or Hertha Isle, had belonged to Denmark since the time of "Othère, the old sea captain who dwelt in Helgoland," in the reign of King Alfred of England; but in the general spoliation of this much-wronged country in the beginning of the present century, it was taken from the Danes by England; and, together with the whole Danish fleet, converted to our own use. It was confirmed to us by the Treaty of Kiel in 1814, since which time it has remained uninterruptedly in our possession, not, however, without many angry and covetous eyes being fixed upon it, and many negotiations and propositions for its exchange made by a long line of German chancellors, ending in Prince Bismarck. Whenever the Germans have nothing particular on hand — no little or

great wars, or annexations, or hoistings of their flag on other people's possessions — their newspapers break out into a tirade of abuse of England for keeping a firm grip on Heligoland, and affect to consider its possession a perpetual menace to themselves. But it is only quite of late days that any idea of fortifying this most valuable possession, and coaling station for a blockading squadron, has entered into the brain of our rulers. There is now a strong trained body of coastguard, with an officer and some heavy guns stationed here; and I always wondered how they conveyed the guns up the steps (one hundred and ninety in number, or thereabouts), unless by the naval operation termed, I believe, "parbuckling."

Heligoland measures about half-a-mile in length by a quarter in breadth, and is quite flat-topped, like a table. Sandy Island, about a mile to the east, besides being the bathing establishment, is the abode of countless rabbits. A few years ago they were so numerous that apprehensions were entertained as to whether they had not undermined the loose sand to such an extent that the next great gale might not be expected to wash the whole sand dune away. Since then their numbers have been greatly reduced, and the houses and bathing machines are still above water, but have not much margin to boast of. Ill-informed newspaper correspondents, people in Parliament, and others who have not been to Heligoland, usually confound this sandy dune with the main island, which is simply a firm, hard rock, and talk with anxiety about its speedy disappearance under the attacks of the rabbits! To seaward of the bathing establishment is a reef just awash; it is hard rock, and therefore forms a good breakwater, on which, in fine weather, quantities of seals are to be seen flopping lazily about on the rocks in the sun; they appear to be the easiest prey, but we fired a forty-pounder Armstrong gun at them, hoping for a sealskin or two, but on the mere flash of the gun they dived so quickly that, though the Salamis made excellent practice, they were never once hit. There is a fixed population in Heligoland of about two thousand, but German and French visitors, often to the extent of about nine thousand, come here during the season for the fresh, salt breezes and excellent bathing. Fishermen, pilots, bird-skin and feather dressers, muff makers, together with lodging-house keepers, form the population, and not one Englishman, except the governor, lives on the island. Their language, which is unwrit-

ten, is generally called Friesian, but is pronounced by the learned to be Anglo-Saxon; not so surprising, inasmuch as the neighboring countries of Schleswig and Holstein were inhabited by Saxons, who were subdued by the emperor Charlemagne in the beginning of the ninth century. Walking about on a short, lovely green turf, with which the top of the island is carpeted, and listening to the groups of people dotted about, all particularly lazy, it would never be supposed you were in an English colony. Not a single word of English is ever heard, and as Friesian German is the only language taught in the school, preached in the church, and spoken in the household, and as the island secretary, judge, chaplain, and the several doctors who come during the bathing season are all pure Germans, no progress in English manners and customs can be expected from year to year. Still there is a certain spirit of loyalty among them, and Heligolandians were met with in our army and navy during the war with Russia in 1854. The islanders always say that no defences are needed; nature has defended them in placing them upon a strong, iron-bound, flat-topped rock, rising straight out of the sea, and, in case of the worst, the steps could be destroyed, and no one could possibly get at them. In such case, about a week, I suppose, would starve them out like rats in a hole, so dependent are they upon the outer world for supplies.

During the absences of the Wolf, I retired to a nice, clean lodging, bowered in roses and syringa, only dining at the governor's, his gifted wife being absent with her boys in England. My landladies were some Heligoland sisters, who had never been on the mainland; extremely plain, but agreeable, and anxious to meet my views, if I could only properly have explained them. They understood no English, and my few words of German were insufficient to make anything intelligible. I had recourse to the dictionary when much put to it, but except the bed, had nothing to complain of. I fear they found the "Kaptainin," which was my style and title among these good people, rather difficult to please. The bedstead was well enough, a sort of shallow box, well known to the traveller in Germany, but as the sheets, blankets, and counterpane were all cut to its exact size, like a doll's bed, it was rather afflictive to have nothing to tuck in, and to find all the bedclothes on the floor in the morning. A German bed appeared to me a most comfortless arrangement.

From The Spectator.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN BUDDHIST  
AND CHRISTIAN TEACHING.

NOTHING is more striking than the tendency of the Eastern wisdom to paradox, unless it be the tendency of the Western wisdom to the removal of paradox. Christianity, coming as it does from the East, shows the disposition to paradox in its noblest and purest form, while it does not despise that studious temperance, that reconciling genius, which constitutes the charm of such books as "The Thoughts" of Marcus Aurelius. But if we want to get religious paradox in its most unadulterated form, we must not go to Christianity, which covers the whole nature, and never makes a paradoxical assertion without offering us the key to its meaning, but to the wisdom of the theosophists, which is now again getting a certain vogue in England. For instance, here is a little book, "written down by a fellow of the Theosophical Society," called "Light on the Path,"\* which in its very first sentences dashes into paradox: "Before the eyes can see, they must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear, it must have lost its sensitiveness." It would, we hold, be equally true to say, "An eye incapable of tears cannot see," "An ear deaf to discords cannot discern harmonies;" and, in our opinion, there would be more truth in these assertions than in the original paradoxes themselves. We suppose the drift of the theosophist to be that only natures which have ceased to shrink from selfish grief can see life truly, and that only ears which are deaf to the superficial fascinations of the senses can hear the higher truths of the inward nature. There is, of course, a truth in both sayings, and it would have been easy so to express it as to make that truth evident. But nothing is more alien to the ambitious character of theosophy than to make the drift of its dark sayings accessible to all who desire it. It loves to express itself thus: "Kill out all sense of separateness, kill out all desire for sensation, kill out all hunger for growth. Yet stand alone and isolated, because nothing that is embodied, nothing that is conscious of separation, nothing that is not of the eternal, can aid you." Or, again, with a little more of definite drift: "Desire only that which is within you. Desire only that which is beyond you. Desire only that which is unattainable. For within you is the light of the world, — the only light that can be shed

upon the path. If you are unable to perceive it within you, it is useless to look for it elsewhere. It is beyond you, because when you reach it, you have lost yourself. It is unattainable, because it forever recedes. You will enter the light, but you will never touch the flame." Or, again: "Desire power ardently. . . . And that power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men."

The religious root of the best paradox is to be found in the fact, which all the religions of the East have recognized, that there is a vast, an almost incalculable difference between the life and desires of the animal and natural man, and the life and desires of that spiritual man of which the animal and natural man is, as it were, the chrysalis. Here, of course, is the very root of religious paradox. The same words, "life," "desire," "happiness," etc., apply to both; nor is it, indeed, possible absolutely to separate the one from the other in any human life, and yet it is perfectly true that that which contributes to the life of the higher nature, often does not contribute to the life of the lower nature, and *vice versa*. Of course, it follows that such expressions as our Lord uses, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life, for my sake, shall find it," are of the greatest possible weight in spiritual teaching; but their paradox is formal only, not real. The life which it is wrong to save is not the same as the life which will be saved by the willingness to die; and the life which is to be found by readiness to die, is not the life which dies. Moreover, there is a link recognized by our Lord between the two kinds of life, — the natural which dies in order that the supernatural may live, and the supernatural which takes its place. There is, he tells us, a spiritual being who creates the one and constitutes the other, and who creates the one in order to constitute the other. And this is the key to all Christian paradox. The paradoxical form is adopted only in order to fix the attention closely on the vast difference between the various kinds of realities which are described by the same name. But when we come to the paradoxes of the Buddhists and theosophists, there is a marked heightening of the paradox, and a marked disposition to be silent about the reconciling links between the antithetical statements made. The contrasts so boldly presented often seem to be insisted on for the very purpose of bewildering the disciples whom they are intended to teach.

\* Published by Reeves and Turner, Strand.

Every one knows that there are two interpretations given to Buddhist maxims concerning the duty of dying to this life, one of which declines to recognize any kind of divine existence into which our death leads, and to represent nothingness as in itself the good to be attained; while the other really regards indifference to the joys and sorrows of this life as merely the needful preparation for a participation in some infinitely deeper and truer existence which lies beneath. But in both schools alike of the Buddhist spiritualism, there is a marked reluctance to speak of God in at all the personal way in which Christ spoke of God. The keynote of the Christian faith is that if we attain to any love of God at all, it is because God first loved us. The keynote of Buddhist spiritualism appears to be the ignoring of the personal agency of God in the growth of a higher life. Indeed, God, if implied at all, is only implied as the fulness which succeeds to the emptiness of earthly desire, as the voice which is to be discerned in absolute silence, the power which is revealed in nothingness. There is a very curious passage of this kind in the little book of theosophy of which we have spoken. The writer is describing the only sort of battle by which the soul really profits, and he describes it as the battle waged for us by our true selves, but unconsciously waged, and waged by one "who will not know thee unless thou knowest him." The passage is very curious as a description of the true life militant: "Stand aside in the coming battle, and though thou fightest, be not thou the warrior. Look for the warrior, and let him fight in thee. Take his orders for battle and obey them. Obey him not as though he were a general, but as though he were thyself, and his spoken words were the utterances of thy secret desires; for he is thyself, yet infinitely wiser and stronger than thyself. Look for him, else in the fever and hurry of the fight thou mayst pass him; and *he will not know thee unless thou knowest him*. If thy cry reach his listening ear, then will he fight in thee, and fill the dull void within. And if this is so, then canst thou go through the fight cool and unwearied, standing aside and letting him battle for thee. Then it will be impossible for thee to strike one blow amiss. But if thou look not for him, if thou pass him by, then there is no safeguard for thee. Thy brain will reel, thy heart grow uncertain, and in the dust of the battlefield thy sight and

senses will fail, and thou wilt not know thy friends from thy enemies. He is thyself. Yet thou art but finite and liable to error. He is eternal and is sure. He is eternal truth. When once he has entered thee and become thy warrior, he will never utterly desert thee, and at the day of the great peace, he will become one with thee." That seems to us a doctrine curiously different from the Christian teaching, though akin to it. This "warrior," which the theosophical writer speaks of as the eternal element in self, and yet unable to discern us unless we first discern it, is nearly the same with him of whom the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews speaks as the Word of God. "The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do." How like and how different are these two types of teaching, — the Christian, which taught that the "grafted word," "which is able to save our souls," originates everything that is good in us, only requiring us to respond to it; and the Buddhist, which teaches that the eternal warrior cannot discern us unless we first discern him and cry to him for his help! And yet there is something striking in the teaching which insists that the soul yearns to abdicate its own selfish desires, even before it learns that there is one who is deeper and more powerful than its own selfish desires who is educating us into unselfish desires. The Buddhist wisdom is certainly very curious testimony to the naturalism, one might almost say, of supernaturalism, — to the revolt of the spirit against the senses even before the God of the spirit is recognized; to the sickness of satiety, even before the God of self-denial is revealed to us; to the misery of mere pleasure, even before the secret of the joy of renunciation is unfolded to us. The Buddhist spiritualism, for which so curious a fascination is showing itself in our day, furnishes certainly very emphatic evidence that the soul is so made as to yearn after a higher life, even though the most striking feature in its blindness be that it has lost sight of the truth that God yearns infinitely more after the soul than the soul can ever yearn after God.



From The Globe.

## OLD LETTERS.

How old letters do accumulate! They fill up desks and drawers, they lurk between the leaves of books, they lie hidden in my pockets until my very pocket-handkerchiefs themselves are crowded out—in short, they are a standing nuisance. But now their hour has come and they are to be sacrificed, burnt in whole hecatombs and not one of them spared; for I am going to make a clean sweep of them all. What a bother it is! "Well," puts in a methodical party, "that is nobody's fault but your own. You should destroy your letters as you receive them." It is a fortunate thing for the world that the letters written by some of the wisest and wittiest of men and women were addressed—some of them at least—to persons who were very far from methodical in this sense. Such unmethodical folk the world will ever thank; for it makes one shudder to think what treasures over-zealous method has lost to posterity forever. But for this, we might be in possession of a great deal more correspondence of equal charm and value with that of Madame de Sevigné, or Horace Walpole. Besides, a letter has always a certain interest of its own, which is to some extent lacking in every other kind of literary production, whether the letter be that last one to "Emma," which Hardy found open and unfinished upon Nelson's desk after Trafalgar, or only the soul's outpourings of a sentimental servant-girl. For a letter has the interest of the hand that wrote it. In a letter the individuality of the writer stands more or less confessed, intentionally or otherwise, and often most clearly when the intention is wanting. The most practised dissembler, when he puts pen to paper in a letter, will reveal somewhat of his true self, even though it be only to the students of the so-called science of graphology, which asserts its power to divine the character of the writer in the form and fashion of his handwriting. However, as my correspondents have not been the great ones of the earth, I need make no scruple about destroying their letters, nor am I the least afraid of thereby robbing succeeding generations of any instruction or amusement. In this frame of mind I find myself in my study, sitting, like Cephalus in the "Republic," "upon a cushioned chair," and about, like that worthy old Athenian, to offer sacrifice. A bright fire is burning in the grate, ready to consume the bodies of the victims, which lie pell-mell upon the table at my side. Away with them;

it will be but the work of a moment. Stay, I must not throw them all into the flames at once, or I may set the chimney on fire. I will just look through them cursorily; may be, some paper of importance has found its way into the collection; the letters themselves may go. I think I will light a cigar; nothing relieves monotonous labor like smoking. I do so. Now which shall I burn first? Not this bundle here; no, for these came out of an old desk I have had ever since I was a child. I should just like to look at them once more. How many years it is since they were written to me—when I first went to school! The ink is faded, and the paper quite yellow. The first one is from my mother; and something seems to be pressing tightly upon my heart—something that is very like pain—as I read this old letter, full of tender words to cheer me in my first homesickness, and of little scraps of home news, with names in it to some of which my memory cannot even call up the faces now, until suddenly they come back to me all across the years, most of them from beyond the grave. I won't burn that one, no; I will put it away, and its fellows with it, and read them some other day, not now, for there is something too startling in the vividness with which they bring back the olden time. Here are some school letters; I may as well look at them, too, for my cigar is not half done yet. This is from an old schoolfellow, a boy just a year older than myself, who left and went to college while I was still at school. Yes; he writes to me from Oxford in all the glory of undergraduate manhood. I smile now at the freshman's tone of patronage (I thought it quite natural and proper then); but what would I not give to be seventeen once more, and going in for that scholarship which he so heartily hopes I shall get? I never got it. That last summer half at school was too pleasant to work hard in; but what a glorious time it was! The lad who wrote that letter altered strangely afterwards. Here is another from him, dated ten years later, in which he asks me for a loan "for auld lang syne." I am glad I lent the money, though I never got it back, and never saw him again, for he "went under" completely and disappeared, and whether he be dead or alive to-day I fear there is nobody greatly cares. I burn that last letter, and I do well. No need to keep that one. I like better to remember him by the other—the letter of the time when he was eighteen, and full of life, hope, and



promise. There was something about him in the old days which seemed to say like Steerforth, "Think of me always at my best." What is this? A woman's handwriting. It matters just nothing at all now what that letter says, for the writer never married me, in spite of all we wrote and said to each other about the holy estate. We quarrelled. I could not now state on oath what it was about, but we quarrelled, and we parted, and she married a bald-headed doctor, and has eleven children and the asthma. As I read I ask myself whether it is possible that I—a middle-aged gentleman, convex of figure, a rate payer, a churchwarden, and, in short, what the local newspaper calls "one of our most respected inhabitants"—can really be identical with the Adonis (I must have been an Adonis; no woman would have written like this to an ordinary mortal) who was the object of this madrigal? I turn instinctively to the looking-glass to see whether I am really myself, or whether some sudden transformation has not taken place in me of the sort which befell Mr. Bultitude in "*Vice Versâ*." "*Et in Arcadia ego*," I murmur. "I must have been a very pretty fellow once." As I bring the lady's letter nearer to my glasses (my sight is not quite what it used to be), my nostrils inhale a faint perfume—so faint and faded that another man would hardly detect its presence; a perfume which was in fashion many, many years ago, and which is voted vulgar now (I wonder why); a perfume which used to hang about her dress

and her hair in the days when—well, in the days before she had the eleven children and the asthma. I push the heap of letters aside, and sit smoking and gazing into the firelight, the while—

Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,  
And phantom hopes assemble;  
And that child's heart within the man's  
Begins to move and tremble.

I am lost to the present. I forget my gout, and my occasional leanings (distinctly reprehensible in a churchwarden) towards the pessimistic philosophy of Schopenhauer, and I am back again in the years when the sun shone more brightly than it does now, when the men were nobler and the women fairer than they seem to me to-day—in youth, "the golden time, the happy, the bright, the unforgetten"—in the glorious consulship of Plancus. My cigar expires in ashes. I am glad I smoked it. "The man who smokes," said Lord Lytton, "thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan." I don't know that I have been thinking like a sage, but, at least, I will act like a Samaritan. I will not burn my old letters. No. All this waste-paper which I have gathered together in bundles to burn as tares shall be reverently treasured up as good wheat, whence I can thresh out at will a precious store of memories, whenever I shall be in the mood to live, if but for an hour of fancy, the old life, to dream the old dreams, and to be in the spirit as I can never again be in the flesh. For the consulship of Plancus is over.

ALTHOUGH the emancipation of the Jews of France dates from a period considerably anterior to that of our brethren in this country, it is somewhat strange that in Paris there should be no synagogues, which can be regarded as landmarks in the history of the Jewish community in that city. Apart from the several "oratories"—the French equivalent for our minor synagogues—there are in Paris but four temples, three of the German, and one of the Portuguese rite. The oldest of the German synagogues, viz., that in the Rue Notre Dame de Nazareth, was inaugurated about thirty-four years ago, and even the original building which stood on the same site was erected not earlier than 1832. The three synagogues, however, make up for lack of antiquity by their size and gorgeous construction. The

temple already named is the smallest of the three, and yet it has twelve hundred seats. The largest is the temple in the Rue de la Victoire, which is barely twelve years old, and has seating accommodation for eighteen hundred worshippers. Interesting is it to note the scale of charges for marriages and interments as fixed by the administration of the Parisian Community. For the former there are no less than seven tariffs, ranging from four thousand francs at the temple in the Rue de la Victoire down to twenty five francs. In the other two German synagogues the rates are about one half less. For funerals there are also seven classes, the charges in the highest being four hundred francs, and in the lowest, including adults as well as infants, twelve francs.

Jewish Chronicle.